STRATEGY OF LIMITED WAR

DANGER ON THE RIGHT

The Reporter

AUGUST 1, 1950 25c

BRITAIN: END OF LABOUR'S REVOLUTION

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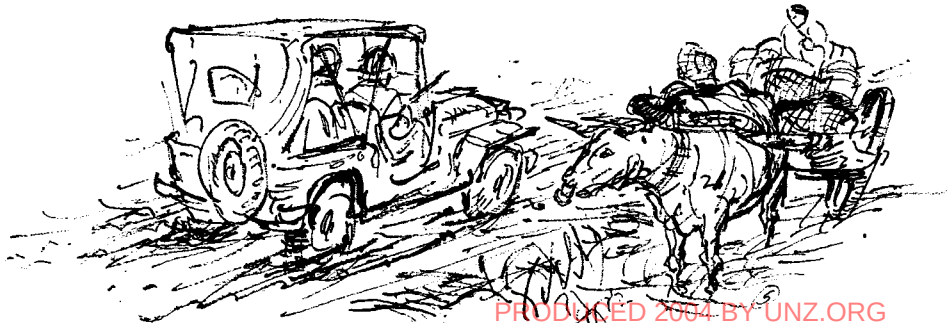
From the Korean Sketchbook

of San Bon Matsu



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The Reporter's Notes

That Man Again

The people in Moscow who loathe That Man in the Kremlin must be boiling mad these days. "Do you understand what he has done?" they ask each other guardedly. "Of course he didn't have the remotest idea that the American government and the Security Council would react the way they did. What kind of intelligence reports does he receive from abroad? He never understands anything that happens outside of Russia anyway. Otherwise how could he have let the United States gain control of the United Nations?

"The best he can probably do now is to sneak back into the U. N. again, riding on Red China's tail, and try to muddy the waters there. But it's too late. He set the alarm off, and now the Americans are wide awake. Until then everything was going our way. The Americans thought they were strong just because they were told of miraculous new weapons that could be made some day. They were talking of licking the pants off Joe Stalin, and they didn't even have enough strength to knock off the North Koreans. If we had only let them daydream for a couple of more years, our stockpile of atomic bombs would have been ready in 1952 or 1953.

"Now, in 1950, the lid is off. That Man isn't satisfied with being a generalissimo: He has to take up the job of American War Mobilizer. Sooner than we think, American power is going to be so great that we will have to respect it. For a long time the Americans have been talking of 'containing' us. Now he has given them no choice but to do what they have been saying all along.

"Isn't it really time for a change?"

Our Best Ally

Time and *Life* are at it again. They want to salvage Chiang Kai-shek. They want to have him reinstated as "our full ally," as a recent editorial in *Life* put it. And if that means having us go to war with Red China, they don't seem to mind.

The pretext, of course, is President Truman's declaration on Formosa. The intent of this declaration couldn't be clearer: To keep the Korean fighting from spreading to other parts of Asia, we want to enforce a moratorium on the Chinese civil war. We don't want this limited war, fought in behalf of the United Nations, to turn into a total war; and we have served notice to everybody concerned, Red China, Formosa China, and Russia.

For we are engaged in a political conflict, not a global war. Political strategy now requires some actual fighting to defend positions that would be untenable, from the military viewpoint, if total war should break out. Should total war come, the responsibility for it must rest with the enemy.

The nation, by and large, has understood this. So have the Allied governments. But not the editors of *Time* and *Life*. They are ready to risk total war provided Chiang Kai-shek recovers his lost power. They are not choosy when it comes to taking allies on our side, no matter how discredited or seedy.

After the editors of *Life* touch a nasty problem, they bounce immediately into a sky of lyrical sublimity. Having advocated what amounts to total war, they come out with a gigantic program of rehabilitation for the whole of non-Communist Asia: "It is a mighty job—a mighty tough one, a mighty interesting one. In the doing of this job, we shall gain as a nation more than we give. We shall gain in the broadening of our participation in the whole human adventure."

The last sentence gives a lift to the heart but it leaves the mind hazy. Perhaps it means that we, the Americans, may be further committed to the adventure of the human race, as if we too belonged to it.

Chiang's Anti-Communism

In the same editorial, *Life* defines Chiang Kai-shek as "the one who has fought Communism longest—one of the few who has never been taken in by Communist camouflage."

Actually, as readers of our article "Stalin, Mao, and Korea," by Isaac Deutscher (page 9), will see, Chiang was once an honorary member of the Executive of the Communist International—a distinction that Senator McCarthy in his wildest dreams has never attributed to any of our leaders, not even Acheson. From 1920 to 1927, as anyone who takes the trouble of looking at the latest edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* can find out, Chiang worked in close co-operation with the Communists and certainly showed a "singular affinity" with the Communist Party line. Probably Chiang "has never been taken in by Communist camouflage," because he knows how to camouflage himself as a pro-Communist.

Why couldn't the editors of *Life*, who, we assume, have at their disposal both the *Britannica* and a large staff of researchers, have been more candid? They could have put Chiang in the category of those whose glory is that they have gone through Communism—the large and influential category of men who may be called spent Communists.

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Correspondence

Two Fleet-Streeters Talk Back

Jarrett of Kemsley Ltd.

To the Editor: In his article "Harlots of Fleet Street" (your July 4 issue), Mr. Hechinger's initial premise—that there is much wrong with the British press—is indisputable. The same might be said of the Episcopal Church, the price of coffee, and Dogpatch hygiene, but he has his point. However, the concentration on the English mote gets him strangely and pharisaically—off the beam, shall I say? Perhaps I can point this up by rewriting his seventh paragraph, where he really gets down to cases (in my version with one phrase, that about space, changed and American newspapers substituted for British):

"The smoke-screen excuse (in American papers) of so much space to fill is further pierced by an intruder from England: The air edition of the *Manchester Guardian* has long been cited with envy and admiration by those American newspapermen who are still interested in good journalism. On home grounds too there are a few shining examples, notably the New York *Herald Tribune,* the Washington *Post,* and, in its dull but honorable way, the New York *Times.* Together with some gallant provincial papers led by the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* these journals have upheld the best of American tradition and they are emphatically excluded from the criticisms of this review. The *Christian Science Monitor* can also be omitted, for if it is not exemplary, it is not offensive."

Your reaction, sir, is surely the same as mine, that this is easy work.

It is to say that if you leave out all the expresses, there isn't a good fast train running out of Grand Central, or that if you don't count the strawberries and cream, then strawberry shortcake is pretty dull tack.

Mr. Hechinger surely knows that all he is saying is that there are in England, as in America, a popular press and a quality press, and that, taken hugger-mugger, lump-with-leaven like this, both presses exhibit much the same traits.

"The overwhelming majority of British papers" are not "anti-Socialist, anti-Labour, and even anti-welfare state." Taking great and small, the Conservative papers may have an edge on the Labour, but of the three largest national dailies, the *Daily Mirror* is pro-Labour, the *Daily Express* anti-Labour, and the *Daily Herald* pro-Labour. Of the three largest national Sundays, the *News of the World* has other interests, the *Sunday Pictorial* and the *Reynolds News* are pro-Labour. Of the evenings, selling only in London district, two are anti-Labour, one Liberal.

"The total circulation" of the "good" dailies, says Mr. Hechinger, is less than a million. Those papers alone that Mr. Hechinger names as good sell over two million, and most people would add the two great Scottish papers, for instance, making a figure that indicates one good paper read by one in twenty of Britain's population—a figure unapproachable here.

Of course election coverage was partisan, in some cases wickedly so. Not so Mr. Hearst's papers in 1948! Some British papers rely on crime and sex to sell—true. The secret should be passed to the New York *Daily Mirror* and the New York *Post-Home News.*

Then surely it is naive to say that "there are chain empires in America but they have not reached the proportionate size and influence of their British counterparts." There is only one real chain in England (the Kemsley) to compare with the Hearst, Scripps-Howard, Gannett, etc., chains here, and, be it noted, there is no syndication of editorial comment, columnists, or features in the British chain.

Leaving other worriable bones, the fact is that Mr. Hechinger is fortunate enough to work for a great paper which will stand any comparison; but he must know that many of his colleagues work for papers of far different quality. With over half the world's newsprint for it, Americans do get a bigger coverage of British and continental news than vice versa, but to say that it necessarily therefore is better coverage is, I know, not at all the same thing. Quite a few Americans, too, were interested in the broken leg of the Prince that Rita wed.

On the other hand, where in British journalism can Mr. Hechinger parallel Westbrook Pegler, or photographers who get scoop pictures of women dying under bus wheels and walk away?

Six of one, Mr. Hechinger, and half a dozen of the other. For both our sakes, let's not have the public thinking all the poor-but-honest working girls harlots too, or some divine inequity of a future Press Commission may throw both Mr. Hechinger and myself into the same hoosegow.

JOHN JARRETT
New York City

Iddon of the *Mail*

To the Editor: The article on the British press published in your July 4 issue interested me. I should like to point out that with all their faults British newspapers do not find people guilty before they have been put on trial. The law of libel is so lax in this country and contempt of court so frequently unpunished that when a man or woman is arrested on a murder charge it is not unusual to see the headline KILLER IN CUSTODY.

American newspapers do not observe the elementary law of safeguarding the sanctity of the individual. Men are murderers and sex fiends and women are slayers and sadists before their jury has even been picked. This sort of gross libel and contempt of court is current every day in the American press. It is deplorable and makes any shortcomings of British newspapers seem picayune.

Perhaps your magazine should be called *The Distorter.*

DON IDDON
New York City

Contributors

Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber, a political writer for *Le Monde* in Paris, contributes regularly to *The Reporter.* . . . William H. Hessler, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* writes frequently for *The Reporter* on military matters. . . . Isaac Deutscher's most recent book is *Stalin: A Political Biography.* . . . Fred M. Hechinger is a columnist for the New York *Herald Tribune* and the Washington *Post.* . . . Allan Dreyfuss has covered Germany for Reuters, CBS, and *Stars and Stripes.* . . . Charles Edwards is the pseudonym of an American economist who has studied the Belgian Congo. . . . Richard Wallace has returned to the Memphis *Press-Scimitar* after a year at Harvard as a Nieman Fellow. . . . Mary McCarthy is the author of *The Company She Keeps* and *The Oasis.* . . . Sygne is the pen name of a Frenchwoman who visited the United States for the first time this summer. . . . François Mauriac, a member of the Académie Française, writes editorials for *Figaro.* . . . Cover by Herbert Danska; photographs from Wide World.

The Editors

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

August 1, 1950 Volume 3, No. 3

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Editorial

The Propaganda Front

We are engaged in a limited war that is kept from turning into a total war by the respect that the United States and Russia have for each other's power. This is a sample war, between ourselves and the Russians, in which our country fights as leader of the United Nations, while Russia sends in weapons but not men. Our military preparedness is being tested and found wanting. Our prestige in the civilized world has proven greater than we ourselves, and certainly the Russians, had ever thought. Anything that happens in a limited war is a portent that strongly influences the thinking and the decisions of men. A limited war is the propaganda equivalent to total war, and may prove to be a substitute for it.

This is indeed the time for propaganda if the bloody effort of our soldiers in Korea is not to prove irrelevant and meaningless. Our propaganda cannot be just a containment of Communist lies. It must carry the same poised determination and quiet courage that have characterized the political decisions of our leaders. It must spell out what our actions imply: that with their next aggression, no matter how disguised, the Russians will bring total war upon themselves. At the same time, as the leader, but by no means the master, of the United Nations, we must state the basic conditions that we deem essential to the re-establishment of peace.

Operation Truth

The need for an intensified propaganda effort has been quickly felt by some of our outstanding national leaders. Men like Secretary Acheson, General Eisenhower, and Bernard Baruch testified at the Congressional hearings on Senator Benton's resolution calling for increased funds for the Voice of America. General Eisenhower spoke of "a new kind of General Staff"—presumably composed of high-ranking propaganda experts and technicians of persuasion. Mr. Baruch proposed that a "body of thinkers," similar and possibly related to the National Security Council, be set up to direct American propaganda abroad. Every speaker at the hearing was most eloquent on one point: that truth must be the keynote of our propaganda.

This insistence on truth is both heart-warming and disconcerting. Whatever we say to our own or to foreign people must be guided by respect for truth, but truth alone cannot determine the aim of what we say. What we say about the future organization of the world must be decided by our intelligence and our will—the intelligence to find out the causes of the world's misery and the will to attack those causes at their roots. After we know what we want, we must tell it to the people of the world with absolute candor, but first of all we must have objectives that people everywhere will understand and share. Truth is an invaluable weapon in our propaganda armory—but it is a tactical rather than a strategic weapon.

Moreover, there is something rather disturbing in the insistence that with a hundred million dollars' worth of radio programs, we can effectively counteract Communist propaganda. The Moscow radio may be powerful and there may even be some people in our country who listen to it. But Radio Moscow is hardly the main vehicle, or even one of the most important vehicles, of Communist propaganda. In every non-Communist country the Voice of Russia comes through native residents rather than through radio sets.

The Berlin Manifesto

A "body of thinkers," to use the expression of Mr. Baruch, met recently in Berlin. After a five-day debate on freedom and peace, eminent writers from all over the non-Communist world finally launched a manifesto addressed to all people, East and West, but primarily to their peers, the craftsmen of expression. In it, they tried to summarize their common beliefs—the beliefs that they must defend not

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for themselves alone but for all those whose thinking and whose emotions are influenced by their work. For it is the function of writers and thinkers to be the caretakers of other people's spiritual life.

In defining freedom, the manifesto is concerned "first of all," as it says, with the "right of the individual to form and express his own opinion"—a right, the manifesto says, that should be enjoyed by everybody with the exception of those who, like the Communists, do not tolerate views different from their own. This is undoubtedly an important aspect of freedom, of particular relevance to opinion-molding or opinion-addicted people. The largest possible variety of different contradictory opinions seems to be the main aim of those who signed the manifesto. Opinion, incidentally, is defined by Webster as "belief stronger than impression, less strong than positive knowledge"—a sort of tentative knowledge, a half-finished product of the rational mind.

But what about those countless human beings who haven't the leisure to form or even understand opinions? What about all those who are so degraded by age-old misery that all their energy is spent in the effort to keep alive? The opinion makers of Berlin seem to have no answer to the plight of those who cannot afford to be consumers of opinion. When it comes to what the world most urgently needs and what thinkers, in a body or individually, are supposed to provide—the beliefs and plans of action that will defeat Communism—the manifesto has this to say: "The defense of cultural freedom imposes upon us the duty of creating a culture which shall constitute a positive answer to the questions posed by the revolution now in process throughout the world." This seems to mean that totalitarianism must somehow be contained, while the cultured people are busy looking for the "positive answer." All this does not have much to do with freedom, the patrimony of all men. Rather it seems to be designed to protect the craft interests of opinion-mongers.

Everybody's Business

No "body of thinkers" will ever succeed in giving men the burning beliefs that this fight to a finish demands unless the thinkers themselves become convinced that freedom is essential not only to their own but to every type of labor. Hundreds of millions of human beings need to be given the evidence that freedom pays, that it is an essential condition for the attainment of the things they care about most: physical survival and improvement of their lot. Men can be free to have different opinions as to the use of what they have or what is available to them only if they have something at hand or within reach. Too many millions of people in the world today need to acquire the minimum conditions of well-being that come before the making of any choice.

The largest possible number of men must have work that allows them to make the best of their lives and gives them, aside from their sustenance, a margin of privacy and of independence. If this margin is enlarged and made secure, if men have leisure enough to figure out how their lot can be further improved, then they start realizing what freedom is. Men can then do better work, for they can acquire a broader view of the things that affect them. They can stop being just toilers and become citizens. The road to freedom doesn't start until men have some work to do, work that brings them profit, develops their individuality, and gives them some independence. There are huge masses all over the world who have not yet started on this road and who under the pressure of evil men may rush to their own destruction.

A relentless attack on misery all over the non-Communist world, wherever some progress can be made, should be the main strategic aim of our leaders and the theme constantly hammered at by our propaganda. We must see to it that the largest possible number of people find out by themselves that freedom is the imponderable, all-pervasive element which leavens their lives. It has been so in America: The technical skill and productivity of the American people have developed at about the same pace as their free institutions. There is no reason why this should not be so elsewhere. Now the time has come when other people must have a chance to go through the American experience, with whatever changes and adaptations local circumstances may demand.

In these days of limited war, the attention of the world is focused on us, on the decisions our leaders make, on the way our soldiers fight, and on the steps we take for both war and peace.

This is the time for the greatest propaganda effort we have ever made, backed up by the example that we set. This is also the time when our bodies of thinkers should emerge from the tumult of opinions and suggest how free institutions may become workable everywhere in the world; for freedom, far from being the particular business of their craft, is everybody's business, and it is their job to prove it.

—Max Ascoli

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Watch on the Right

If we concentrate solely on arming our line of containment, we may hand the Communists a series of easy victories behind it

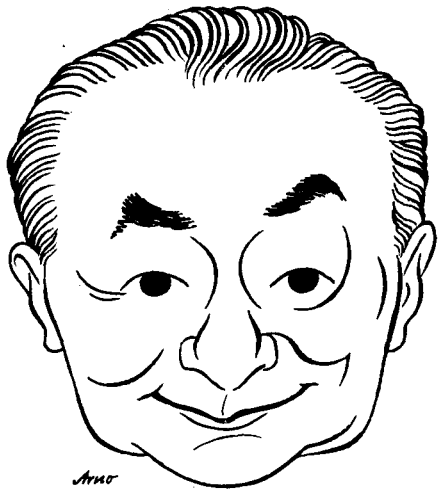
Perhaps it was only natural that, after the attack in Korea, a great many American commentators proclaimed that the "cold war" had come to an end. They seemed to think that the four-year-old world-wide civil war—the cold war—between the Stalinist empire and the democracies was over now that military operations had begun. That is not so. Local military action, limited aggression as in the case of Korea, is no more than the normal extension of a war fought simultaneously on three other fronts—the moral, the political, and the economic. And it is precisely because of the multiple and complex nature of its threat that Stalinism differs radically from Hitlerism.

The men who say that the cold war has come to an end say also, of course, that Stalin's "pattern of aggression" repeats that of Hitler—that it is the same thing all over again. They are making a serious error, which can lead us into the very mistakes in Asia and in Europe that Stalin counts on us to make. For if we accept the idea that we have passed from a cold to a shooting war, the logical conclusion is that all our plans for political reconstruction and economic aid—plans made for a cold war—now have to be abandoned in favor of total military preparation along our whole line of containment in Asia and in Europe. Rearmament, pure and simple, would of necessity have top priority if we were again facing Hitler. Against Stalinism it would be suicidal.

In the world-wide civil war Stalinism operates on three levels.

On the economic plane it attempts by all means—especially through its control of eastern European and Asian economics—to increase the internal economic difficulties of the West. In every western country its aim is to maintain and aggravate a deeply disturbed economic situation which will lead the victim into an automatic reflex of economic nationalism (protective tariffs, etc.) and consequently into difficulties with other nations, such as disruption of exchange rates and commercial relations.

At the political level it attempts by the most devious means—especially through the Communist Party in every nation—to bring to power the most reactionary Governments possible. Once a rightist régime takes over, the Communist Party sets to work at a highly simplified task: undermining the political structure of the nation by stimulating popular discontent.



Paul Reynaud

On the plane of national morale it attempts by all means—especially through the threat of war and propaganda for peace—to break down all feeling of trust among non-Communist nations. Above all it attempts to create a deeply anti-American prejudice, to strain the bonds existing between the United States and the nations marked for Soviet penetration.

These are the first three weapons employed by Stalinism in the civil war it is conducting in Asia and in Europe. Stalin counts on them to reduce non-Communist countries to a state of internal confusion, political disorder, moral isolation, and, ultimately, defeatist apathy. It is when this result is achieved, when the terrain has been thoroughly prepared, that Stalin can set in motion the fourth weapon of the civil war: military action. For when a nation has reached a state of semi-decomposition, the chances are favorable for picking it off—as one shakes down rotten fruit—by means of a strictly limited military effort.

That is the Stalinist method. In Korea it was followed with great precision. The military thrust came only after everything had been prepared. Already the West had lost in the other sectors: South Korea was economically in confusion; its people had rejected its government; its will to fight was weak.

Thus, when the West accepted combat, it had already lost the battles of economics, politics, and morale.

There were two inevitable consequences:

With South Korean resistance crumbling, America was obliged to assume the military burden of a campaign for which it was not prepared.

The Soviet Union was not compelled to enter the fight: It could save its resources and energy; it could avoid almost entirely the risk of general war.

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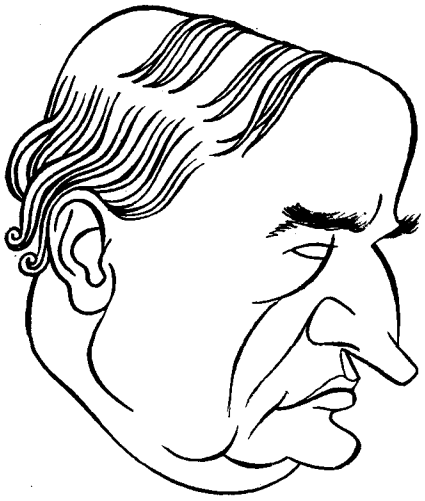


Édouard Daladier

If the Kremlin can succeed in a certain number of such operations in Asia and in Europe, America's choice then will be between accepting defeat in the world-wide civil war or deliberately provoking a world conflict. Either, of course, would be an admission of failure.

This means only one thing: America cannot afford to limit its policy to merely defining and strengthening a line of military containment. For the Stalinist method is to disregard such a line and refuse to attack it so long as it is solid. The Stalinists try to undermine the line until it crumbles. When there is no firm ground for any line to stand on, when the soldiers manning the fortifications do not know why they are there—it is then that the Stalinists pierce the line as though it never had existed.

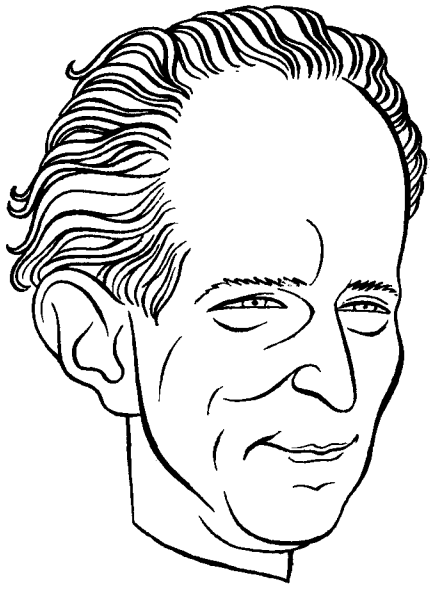
Obviously the Communist sappers are at work in Asia. What happened in China and in Korea is already happening in Indo-China, in Malaya, in Thailand, and even in Indonesia and the Philippines.

In Europe the Stalinists are doing the same thing. Perhaps it is harder to see that they are, and perhaps in Europe they find it harder. But the method is being used, and the results can be as dangerous as they are anywhere else. Before America draws any conclusions from the Korean affair, it may be useful to make the present European situation quite clear and to point out just how the Stalinists are operating.

Before the military action in Korea began, the Soviet-inspired campaign for neutrality was infecting all Europe, and was succeeding in creating an anti-American front. On the economic level, overproduction and unemployment—twin terrors of free economies—were growing, and sharpening the international difficulties.

The Communists still use indirect tactics, for as things are now, they cannot expect to be strong enough to take power directly. As long as there are non-Communist political parties of the Left that enjoy the full or partial support of the working classes, and as long as these parties share in government and achieve some progress in social legislation, the Communist Party is limited in its action. That is why the Communists' aim and hope is to see all non-Communist parties of the Left driven from any participation in government, why they attack the Socialists, and why they want Administrations to be as far to the Right as possible. With a reactionary Government in power, the Socialists (or the Christian Left) lose their influence among the workers, and then the Communists become the sole representatives of the working classes. Or else, fearing annihilation, the non-Communist parties of the Left are forced into an alliance with the Communists in a new sort of popular front—and the ultimate result is the same.

To further this aim, the Communist Parties make use of the existing international tension. They do everything they can to drive the nations of the western coalition toward so-called régimes of "order," and toward increasing military preparedness. They play on the West's fear of Communism and the Kremlin; they say that the West is dominated by America; they count on increasing hysteria in the western world, and they expect that under its influence America will reach a point where it will ask only one thing of its allies—effective internal and exterior resistance to Communism, by no matter what methods.



King Leopold III

The Stalinists hope that a rightist Government will be installed in every capital of Europe. They want to see régimes so far to the Right that they will look like fascism. Of course such régimes would have new names. They would not be called fascist or Hitlerian. Their followers might not even wear special shirts. The régimes would be managerial, perhaps; certainly they would hold power by virtue of their policemen; their only aims would be military effectiveness and social discipline (the police again), and their principal credential the blessing of America. In their utter dependence on a foreign power they would be reminiscent of Vichy.

The Communists are well aware that such régimes would find as adherents only the most mediocre and tarnished elements of any European country. Consequently, far from building up any real defense or military potential against Communism, these régimes would inevitably produce the rot and despair of the nations they governed. When that happened, the Stalinists could strike—from within and without—and the line of containment would have been undermined without a struggle.

How far has this process progressed? If we look at Europe we are forced to admit that it is more advanced than most people would like to concede. In Germany, in Italy, in Belgium, the Socialist Parties are out of the Governments. The ground swell toward the Left, born of the war and of the liberation, little by little has lost its power. A reverse current toward the Right, especially in the past year, is more and more noticeable.

In Germany, the most reactionary wing of the Christian Democratic Party is in control, with personal and

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almost absolute power wielded by Chancellor Adenauer. The two most recent manifestations of his temper took place in June. In the North Rhine-Westphalia elections, a majority voted for the socialization of the industries of that state, the major portion of the Ruhr. They did so in accord with the views of the leader of the left-wing Christian Democrats, Karl Arnold. Adenauer immediately declared, without the slightest equivocation, that though industrial socialization had been voted, his personal endorsement was still required and would not be granted.

The second piece of evidence was the composition of the German delegation to discuss the Schuman plan for the coal-and-steel pool. On this occasion Europe's memories were stirred by the sight of all the old Ruhr barons, who happen to hold all the key positions on the committee. Until recently these men, who were personally connected with Adenauer, had been prudent, but now they were out in the open. An outstanding figure in this appalling renascence was Herman Reusch, Enemy No. 1 of German labor unions.

In Italy the situation is quite different —but just as dangerous. There, the anti-labor forces are so powerful that for some time now Italian industrial management has been able to attack openly the few social reforms carried out since the war. In order to strengthen its bargaining position with the workers, management began by pressing the de Gasperi Government to close down certain unprofitable industries which it had been subsidizing mostly to provide jobs for workers. This step would have been sound enough if it had been accompanied by measures to reabsorb those who were thrown out of work; but it wasn't. The immediate effect was to strengthen the hand of the great Italian trusts, such as Fiat, Montecatini, and Pirelli, in dealing with their workers. It is not surprising that Italy's principal labor organization (the pro-Communist CGIL) was forced to ask for a truce in its conflict with organized management (Confindustria). Nor is it surprising that Confindustria's leader, Andrea Costa, has now started a big campaign against the costs of social legislation and government spending for public measures—the familiar routine of reaction.

In France the last few months have shown a whole series of significant and dismaying developments. The first was something that had never happened since France's liberation: The Socialist Party for five months was out of the government. The second was a clear reversal in the balance between social forces. In the last major strikes, of March and April, management, for the first time, was not forced to yield to any real extent and, with tacit support from the Administration, was able

Pierre Cot

to wait until labor-union resistance had spent itself. Finally, two men reappeared on the political scene who, more than any others, stand as symbols of the reactionary and defeatist bourgeoisie of before the war: Paul Reynaud, who was a member of the short-lived Queuille Cabinet, and Édouard Daladier.

The French situation has been such that in June the Communists even seriously considered that the moment perhaps had come, or nearly come, when a popular front with the Socialists could be built up again. It was then that the Communists' stalking-horse, Pierre Cot, rose in the Assembly to speak of "the outstretched hand," and "our Socialist friends."

As for Belgium, it is common knowledge that King Leopold's personal obstinacy and that of his supporters in the Christian Party have widened the chasm that divides the nation and have greatly exacerbated ill feeling between its classes.

This, in the broadest outline, is the graph of Europe's evolution as of today. Everywhere the drift toward reaction is to be found; everywhere it is rationalized as evidence of the American alliance and anti-Stalinism. The mechanism of the process could not be simpler: On the one hand the myth of a capitalist America is used to intimidate and control the forces of the Left; on the other hand the American government is told that if it does not support any particular reactionary Government, the Communists will take over. It is double blackmail. It leads to what we have seen. It leads especially to making the European masses think that America is the great protector of reactionaries and the rich.

That is how the Stalinist method works to weaken the fortress of Europe. And now there is a great danger that as a consequence of the Korean war western policy will commit the error, hoped for and counted on by the Stalinists, of concentrating solely on strengthening its military line of containment—at the cost of everything else.

If, in reaction to the Korean affair, all the other aspects of the civil war —the political, the economic, the moral—are neglected in the mad rush toward military preparedness, then the conditions which make for military aggression are almost certain to be created.

If Europe is forced into all-out military preparedness, and, in particular, if the European nations are compelled to produce large ground forces, Europe will be driven into a semi-war economy that will strengthen the hand of quasi-fascist régimes and destroy the democratic process which alone can save Europe's stability. It is curious and perhaps significant to observe that the only two European nations which now possess large ground forces of the classical type are Spain and Yugoslavia.

There is no suggestion here, of course, that Europe's arming should not be accelerated. What must be said clearly and definitely is that the need for rearmament must never be used as a pretext for cutting down the effort toward economic recovery, for breaking down the freedom of labor unions, or for giving unlimited powers to management.

Not long ago, before the Korean affair, Senator Lodge was already proposing that a large portion of Marshall

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Plan counterpart funds—funds that European governments have been allowed to use for economic rehabilitation—should henceforth be used for rearmament. ECA Chairman Paul Hoffman reacted violently against this suggestion. He declared very properly that nothing could give greater strength to the Russian propagandists who say that "while the Soviet Union sought peace, the Marshall Plan from the start was designed to prepare Europe for war."

An unfortunate probable consequence of the Korean affair is that suggestions such as Senator Lodge's will now be made with even greater facility and chance of acceptance. Once again, it is useful to remember that one of the Stalinist aims is precisely that of bringing the West, through the Russian threat, into a state of obsession with strictly military affairs.

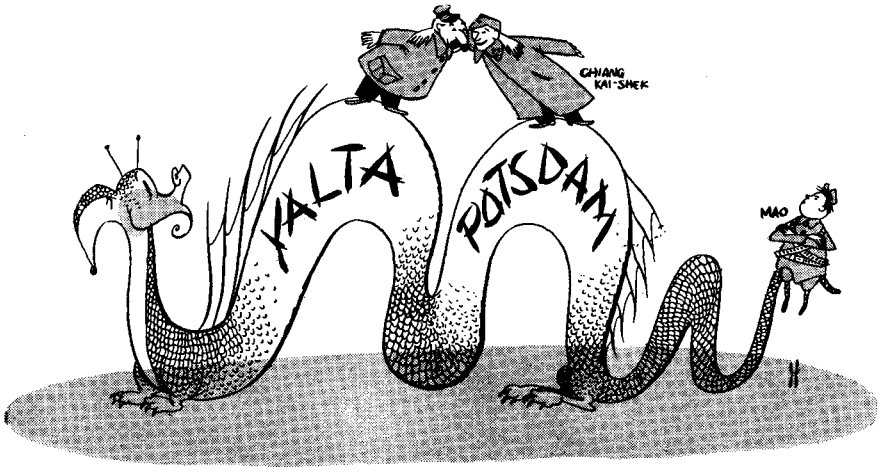
It will also be useful to remember this: In Europe as in Asia, it is apparent that the preparation of a military line of containment implies first that the political, economic, and moral foundations be solid. The foundations at present are not solid. A few more errors will make them far less solid than they are. If the West does not react against the process of erosion that is taking place, America will find that the ground has crumbled away all along the line.

America's first answer to aggression in Korea was a unanimous rejection of the policy of appeasement. Washington thus demonstrated to the rest of the world its will to resist Stalin. What the free world is waiting for now is America's second reaction. For the American will to resist can take two forms. The first is what Stalin hopes for and expects—the instinctive reflex of purely military preparation, which, by itself, can lead us into all sorts of failure and to world war. The second is far more complex, but would fulfill the hope of the free world; it would consist in a co-ordinated effort to build a healthy political and economic base in all of the threatened countries. Then Stalinism would be deprived of any chance of conquest through the crumbling of the West. It is only if this effort is made that the effort to rearm has meaning and can be a guarantee.

—J.-J. SERVAN SCHREIBER

Stalin, Mao, and Korea

1. Background for Aggression



Only about four months elapsed between the announcement of the Russian-Chinese agreements in Moscow last February and the outbreak of the Korean war. It is obvious Stalin and Mao Tse-tung must have discussed Korea and agreed to advise or encourage Kim Il Sung, the North Korean Premier, to launch his offensive. It must have taken Kim Il Sung at least three months to prepare for the operation militarily and politically, to get Moscow's approval of his plan, and to start moving. In this case *post hoc* does seem to signify *propter hoc*.

The Korean attack is in every respect a by-product of, and a sequel to, the Chinese revolution; and it is in this context that Stalin's decision to let the local Communist forces strike across the thirty-eighth parallel must be viewed.

Strategically, Korea is not only "the dagger pointed at Japan," but also the back door to Manchuria. It was from Korea that Japan struck against the Russians in Manchuria in 1904. In retrospect, the annexation of the peninsula by Japan in 1910 appears as the prelude to the great design of continental conquest which Tokyo was to put into operation two and three decades later. The strategic importance of Korea was enhanced in the 1930's, when the Japanese unified the Korean and Manchurian railways and built several new harbors on the northeastern coast, including Rashin, a naval base facing Vladivostok. Incidentally, Korea also borders directly on the U.S.S.R., but this frontier is only about twenty miles long, not very significant in comparison with the five-hundred-mile boundary between Korea and Manchuria.

In 1945, the Soviet Far Eastern Army settled along the thirty-eighth parallel to cover the newly acquired Russian zone of influence in Manchuria and the approaches to Vladivostok. This was still a limited objective, local in character; and the Russians had American consent. Yet the choice of that parallel was less fortuitous than it might have seemed at the time. For the Russians it was the most convenient line: It was nearly at the peninsula's narrowest point, less than half as wide as the actual Korean-Manchurian frontier. The military strongholds in the north, used by the Japanese in 1904 and 1931, came under Russian control. In their part of the peninsula,

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the Americans had no elbow room for the deployment of strategically important forces. The Russians could well be satisfied with their position; and their purpose then seemed to be to stabilize the demarcation line on the thirty-eighth parallel. They would, of course, have preferred to control the whole of the peninsula, but southern Korea was not worth a conflict with the United States, whose forces occupied it until the middle of 1949.

The Communist victory in China gave the Korean problem a new importance, and seemed to open up new possibilities. Hitherto, northern Korea had served merely to safeguard the Russian interest in Manchuria, a local and limited, though considerable, interest. Since Mao's victory the Russian stake in Asia has grown immensely and unexpectedly. Manchuria is now the meeting ground of two revolutions; it is the key to the industrialization of China, the pivot of Russian-Chinese relations. Through Manchuria Moscow controls the Chinese revolution. From Korea an enemy might threaten not only the Russian influence in Manchuria but the far more important Russian influence in China.

True enough, no such threat was imminent when Stalin and Mao were making up their minds about Korea. They were dealing with potential rather than with actual dangers. But neither Stalin nor Mao could take the stability of the Communist government of North Korea for granted as long as South Korea, comprising two-thirds of the Korean population, remained under American influence. They aimed at the elimination of American influence from the whole of the peninsula.

When Stalin welcomed the victorious Mao at the Kremlin, he must have done so with some embarrassment. For years, right up till the final offensive, Stalin had been skeptical of Mao, his army, and his revolution. The infallible leader of Communism had proved himself a timid and a poor political strategist compared with his Chinese guest. The Kremlin had not openly supported Mao because it feared American intervention in China. This must have had its effect when the Korean issue came up for discussion. Almost certainly Stalin was now anxious not to give the impression of undue timidity and not to be outdone once again by Mao's audacity. So Stalin took a "bold" line in Korea: Let Kim Il Sung attack.

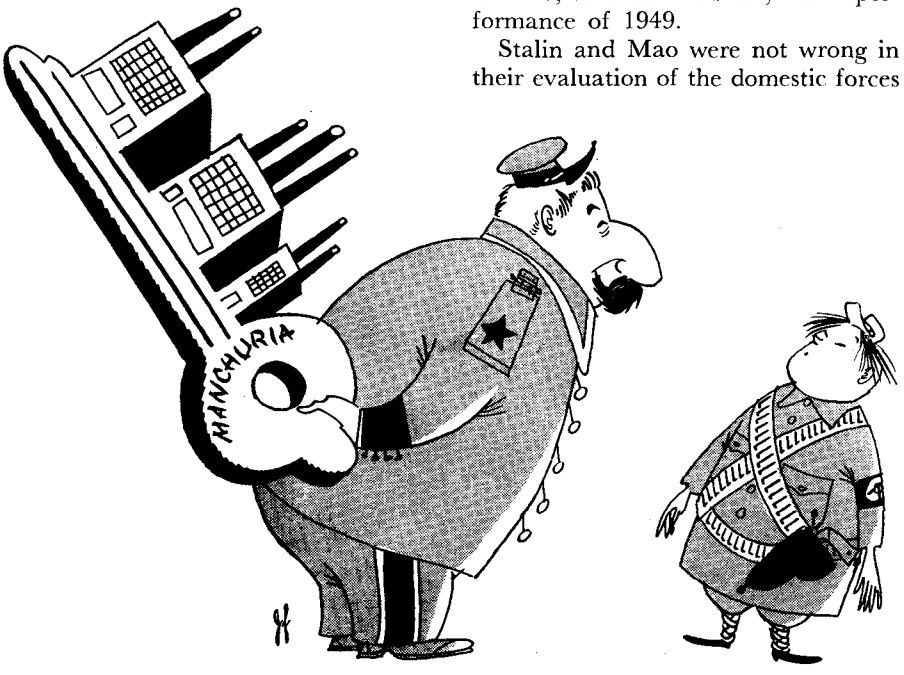
The risk really did seem negligible. Since the United States had not intervened with its own military strength against Communism in China, it did not seem logical that the United States would move its own forces into Korea. There was no prima facie reason why the United States, having lost nearly all influence on the Asiatic mainland, should defend South Korea. Who would let himself be ejected from a mansion to make a stand on, and defend his right to, a small back stair?

Stalin and Mao must have been confirmed in this reasoning by unofficial and semi-official American statements, made after the withdrawal of American troops from Korea, that the American position in South Korea was indefensible and "expendable." This sounded like an intimation to Moscow, or its Korean protégés, that southern Korea was a vacuum into which they were free to move. Moscow must also have known that the United States distrusted the South Korean government enough to refuse to arm it effectively. In a word, no red lights were seen on the thirty-eighth parallel.

The impact of the Chinese revolution on Korea has been wider and deeper than these considerations suggest. The Chinese revolution revealed the impotence of the old Asian ruling groups and the momentum of the Communist-led revolt against them. Socially, Korea has, on a small scale, presented the same problems that China did two or three years ago. The government of Syngman Rhee has been hardly more attractive than Chiang Kai-shek's. Its "democratic" pretensions have been equally spurious, its corruption equally notorious, and its failure to tackle the most urgent domestic issues, especially land reform, equally lamentable.

The South Korean government has been feebler than the Kuomintang in that it cannot even invoke past glories and that within the few years of its existence it has managed to attract all sorts of unsavory characters—speculators in land and former Japanese stooges. Against this, the program of reforms advanced by the North Korean Communists may have had as much appeal as Mao's had in China. Moreover, the South Korean Administration has had to bear the onus of the recent pro-Japanese turn in American policy—and anti-Japanese feeling, in a country that spent half a century under Japense occupation, can hardly be overrated. All these circumstances were undoubtedly carefully weighed in the Kremlin when the decision on Korea was being taken. The conclusion must have been that, barring direct American intervention, the South Korean government would crumble under the first blow from the north. Kim Il Sung was expected to repeat in 1950, on a smaller scale, Mao's performance of 1949.

Stalin and Mao were not wrong in their evaluation of the domestic forces



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in Korea. What they miscalculated was the American reaction. They had not reckoned with the American fight on the back stairs leading into the vast mansions of Asian Communism. And the danger to Russia that Stalin was so anxious to avert in China has materialized now: American air squadrons and troops are fighting near Russia's Far Eastern frontier.

2. *Manchuria — the Key*

Never in history has Russia's position in China been as strong as it is now. For many decades Russia had to contend with British, French, American, German, and Japanese influences, to advance, retreat, and maneuver. Five years after the Second World War all the western powers have been eliminated from China, and Russia has gained unrivaled predominance.

Soviet diplomacy can hardly claim the credit for this amazing change. No foreign office, not even one endowed with a demonic genius for intrigue and plot, could subordinate—at one stroke—a nation of nearly half a billion people. Nor was Russian military intervention one of the decisive factors in Mao's triumph. The Chinese revolution owes its victory to its own momentum.

There are many indications that for a long time Stalin and the Politburo overrated the strength and the stability of the Kuomintang and underrated the Chinese Communists. At Yalta and Potsdam, Stalin stated that Chiang Kai-shek represented the only force capable of ruling China. This opinion he still held a few years later. He distrusted Mao's confidence in his army. He thought that Mao's plans involved risks too serious for Moscow to take.

The risk which probably was uppermost in Stalin's mind was that of a protracted civil war in China, which might have given the United States enough time to give the Kuomintang heavy military support. If it had, American air squadrons, and perhaps troops, might have appeared near the Far Eastern frontier of the U.S.S.R. For this reason, Stalin at one time tried to dissuade Mao from pursuing his ambitious plans. Even last year, in the middle of Mao's victorious campaigns, Stalin still was cautious. The Soviet ambassador remained at Chiang's side after all the western diplomats had left. Stalin still waited to see whether the United States would intervene. The final victory of Chinese Communism came to Moscow as a gigantic windfall.

It may be worth recalling that Stalin made a similar miscalculation in the middle 1920's, before Chiang Kai-shek started his great march to the north. In those days, Chiang was still Moscow's ally and an honorary member of the Executive of the Communist International, a fact that is now almost forgotten. In March, 1926, the Politburo in Moscow discussed whether it should encourage Chiang in his plans for the conquest of the whole of China. Stalin held that Chiang should be advised to content himself with the south, and to seek a modus vivendi with Chang Tso-lin's government, which controlled the north. Against Stalin's counsel, Chiang marched to the north and achieved a success as rapid and startling as Mao's.

People who ask who "sold" China to Russia simply do not understand the greatest and most complex social upheaval of our days. Stalin did not even try to "buy" that strange commodity. History pressed it into his hands.

The reason may be found in the social structure of China under the Kuomintang. Nearly three-quarters of the industrial plant was owned by foreign capital, which proved an obstacle, not a help, to China's economic advance. Industry produced only ten per cent of the nation's wretchedly low income. Food and textiles accounted for about four-fifths of total industrial output. China had not even begun to build up modern industries; its factories (not counting those in Manchuria) averaged a fraction of one horsepower per worker.

In 1947 the output of iron in China proper was less than twenty thousand tons—about two ounces for each Chinese. The output of coal was twenty-one million tons—about eighty pounds per person. The railways could not be kept in repair; the farmer could not renew or repair his tools; the power stations could not work. These two figures—two ounces of iron and eighty pounds of coal per person—show why government was impossible in Kuomintang China. Another statistic—ten per cent of the landowners owned more than half of the land and took at least fifty per cent of the crops as rent—helps explain the impetus of the Chinese revolution.

Starting with this legacy, what can Mao achieve in the next ten or twenty years? What role will Russia play in the development of China's resources? Unless the Chinese economy grows rapidly, Mao's régime will decay and disintegrate as Chiang's did. Self-preservation compels Mao to start large-scale industrialization. But within what social and political framework?

The Chinese revolution has two features which distinguish it sharply from the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia. The latter, from the beginning, came from the cities. Its driving force was the industrial proletariat. The Soviet régime was established in Russia's two capitals, Petrograd and Moscow; only from them did it spread outward into the countryside, where peasants were rising against landlords. Broadly, this had also been the pattern of earlier western European revolutions. The theorists of revolution took its repetition for granted. Even the Chinese revolution of the middle 1920's was predominantly urban.

Mao's revolution followed a diamet-

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rically opposite course. For nearly two decades, the political life of urban China had been almost extinct, the industrial working class utterly passive. In part this was caused by the deindustrialization of China proper and the dispersal of the urban working class under the Japanese occupation and the rule of the Kuomintang. Mao himself has been the leader of a gigantic *Jacquerie,* a peasant war, and not, like Lenin, Stalin, or Trotsky, the inspirer or organizer of a proletarian party. He has carried revolution from the countryside into the lethargic cities.

No less important is the difference in the initial accomplishments of Mao and Lenin. The Bolshevik Revolution expropriated at a stroke the entire class of landlords and distributed their property among the peasants. Soon it proceeded to socialize large-scale industry. Mao has so far been more modest. The scope of his agrarian revolution is not yet clear; it varies from province to province and from region to region. But there has been no wholesale expropriation of landlords; the emphasis has been on lowering sharecroppers' rents and on a partial transfer of land to the peasants. Theoretically, only landlords who collaborated with the Japanese have been altogether expropriated.

Perhaps Mao is deliberately feeding the landlords with illusions and disarming their resistance. His promises of help to the urban "patriotic capitalists" also may have a sinister purpose. In any case, the start of the Chinese revolution is very different from that in Russia. For some time, Chinese society will remain much more heterogeneous, and less malleable, than Russian society after 1917. The economic and political influence of landlords and "patriotic capitalists" will hardly vanish altogether, even though it may express itself only in a devious manner. The industrial working class in China proper is less than a secondary factor. The weight of the peasantry is even more enormous than it was in Russia.

Two major prerequisites would be needed for a thorough Stalinist swallowing-and-digesting of China: totalitarian political control and a collectivist planned economy, both modeled on Russian patterns. In theory, Mao may be able to achieve totalitarian control quite easily. His party holds all

the positions of power, and uses the remnants of the leftist Kuomintang as a mere façade. Before the revolution China was run by a single party, and another single-party régime should not run into any great difficulties. The real problem is whether Mao can build a collectivist economy.

Mao describes himself as a Marxist-Leninist and is committed to socialist collectivism. But such a principle is easier to profess than to carry out. The peasant influence has predominated in Mao's social environment; and the peasant, in China as elsewhere, is an individualist. Can individualistic China adopt collectivist ideas? Collectivism is an urban idea par excellence. Will Mao's revolution, which has come from the countryside, allow itself to be conquered by an urban idea which has hardly struck roots even in urban China?

If one is guided by sociology, history, or, for that matter, Marxist theory, the answer is a categorical "No." But the events of the last few decades have disproved so many sociological notions that one cannot be quite sure.

Collectivist planning is possible only when the center of a nation's economy has shifted from small-scale farming and handicraft to large-scale industry. But the key to China's industrialization lies not in Mao's hands but in Stalin's. Not only can the Russians help with machines and technical advice. China's own base for industrialization lies in Manchuria, which has, since Yalta and Potsdam, been a Russian zone of influence. Without Manchuria no serious effort at the development of China's resources can be undertaken.

In the last two decades China proper has been deindustrialized, but Manchuria has gone through intensive industrialization, especially while it was occupied by Japan. Even though the Russians have carried away some of its industrial plant as "war" booty, Manchuria is still as important to the Chinese economy as the Donetz Basin was to Russia under the first Five Year Plans. Manchuria has something like three times as many industrial workers as the rest of China. It possesses the only substantial reserve of skilled labor. The whole prospect of China's industrialization depends on whether Russia relinquishes its hold on that province and allows Mao to reintegrate it with the rest of China.

These issues—Mao's long-term domestic policy and Manchuria—must have been the main subjects of the extraordinarily protracted negotiations between Stalin and Mao last December, January, and February.

It is easy to see what Stalin's dilemma is. If he continues to exploit Manchurian resources, he is bound to provoke an anti-Russian reaction in China, of which Mao himself—in the past not excessively obedient to the Comintern—might become the spokesman. Without Manchuria, the outlook and the policies of Mao's government would be determined by the backwardness and heterogeneity of China's social structure. The individualistic countryside would reassert itself; and

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even landlordism, defeated but not destroyed, might win a new lease on life. Circumstances might then drive Mao along the road traveled by Chiang Kai-shek, who, we remember, had once also been Moscow's ally.

Stalin must encourage China to industrialize and to set up a planned economy. This should imply a Russian withdrawal from Manchuria, an immediate loss to the Russian economy. Two or three years ago, when Russia was still in the throes of postwar economic chaos, this solution would have been almost unthinkable. The subsequent success of the Five Year Plan has made it possible for Stalin to give more consideration to Chinese claims.

The Kremlin has, nevertheless, not yet decided on a clear-cut withdrawal. Whether Stalin allows China to recover Manchuria or not, he cannot have unqualified confidence in Mao.

The agreements of February 14, 1950, concluded after shrewd Oriental bargaining, reflect this state of affairs. Many western commentators, for once agreeing with their Moscow counterparts, saw complete harmony between Stalin and Mao. With some disappointment they decided that Mao would not be an Asian Tito. Yet the relationship between Stalin and Mao is more ambiguous than appears on the surface. The Moscow agreements embody an uneasy compromise; they reveal still unsatisfied Chinese claims and unallayed Russian suspicions.

Complete agreement would have brought Manchuria, with all its resources, railways, bases, and harbors, back to China. The Moscow text is calculated to give the impression that this actually took place. Moscow declared the Russo-Chinese Pact of August, 1945, under which Chiang Kai-shek accepted Russia's Far Eastern claims, null and void. This declaration was meant to free Mao from the onus of subservience to Moscow.

With the Moscow agreements in his hands, Mao has presented himself to the Chinese people as a better patriot than Chiang; not only has he gotten rid of American and European influences, he has also regained what Chiang had surrendered to Russia. At the same time, Moscow can say that it was not pursuing imperialist ambition at all in 1945, when Stalin hailed the recovery of Port Arthur as Russia's long-awaited revenge on Japan for the defeat of 1905. Now Stalin can say that he was merely out to weaken the reactionary Kuomintang; that what he took from the Kuomintang—the Manchurian Railways and Port Arthur—he has now magnanimously returned. He has even promised restitution of the industrial plant that Russia confiscated in Manchuria.

How real is this Russian withdrawal from Manchuria? The specific clauses of the February agreements leave room for skepticism. How much of the dismantled plant will be returned is not indicated; and this may become a bone of contention if the Russians begin to bargain hard over every piece of machinery, as they are likely to do. The Russian withdrawal from the Manchurian Railways is supposed to be effected "immediately after the conclusion of a Peace Treaty with Japan, but not later than by the end of 1952." For two and a half years then, Russia retains the key positions from which it can facilitate or obstruct China's reabsorption of Manchuria. For this period, too, Mao cannot risk being out of step with Stalin.

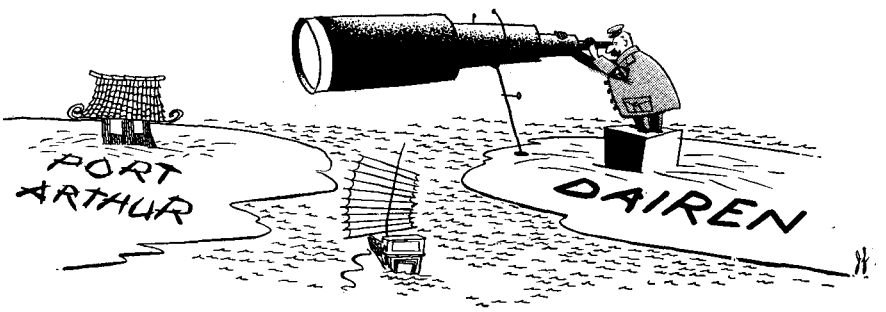
But Stalin has been careful to retain at least one trump which he can play against Mao even after 1952. That trump is the harbor of Dairen. Article Three of the agreement on Manchuria states that "the question of the Dairen harbor will be subject to review after the signing of the Peace Treaty with Japan." In the meantime, the Chinese will take over the administration of the harbor and the property at present administered or rented by the Russians. The article says nothing, however, about the withdrawal of Soviet troops; and in this respect it contrasts curiously with Article Two, which calls for the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Port Arthur. This is apparently why the problem of Dairen is "to come under review after the conclusion of the Peace Treaty with Japan"—why, in other words, its solution has been postponed to the Greek calends. Dairen is to remain a Russian base, even after the Manchurian Railways and Port Arthur have been returned to the Chinese.

A glance at the map would explain the significance of this arrangement. Dairen is so situated that from it the Russians can control Port Arthur. From Dairen they can watch the entire coastline and the adjacent waters, especially because of the disproportion between Russian and Chinese naval strength. Moreover, to keep their naval base at Dairen, the Russians must secure their communication lines across Manchuria. This they may have already done in an unpublished "protocol" to the February agreement, or they are certain to do it when the Dairen question "comes up for review." Communication lines mean political control—in Manchuria no less than in eastern Europe.

The key to China's economic future thus remains in Russian hands, despite Stalin's generous gestures toward Mao. This is not to say that Moscow intends to deny the new China the use of Manchurian resources; it merely means that China can use those resources only under Moscow's supervision. Since Manchurian coal and steel are essential to his régime, Mao is willing to pay almost any political price for them; and his willingness to pay a stiff one increases as the West continues to manifest its hostility toward him.

The February agreements are undoubtedly one of Stalin's tactical master strokes. But Moscow may yet overplay its hand. If the Russians play the Manchurian trump too crudely or too often it may yet drive the Chinese Communists into a schism of incalculable consequence.

—Isaac Deutscher



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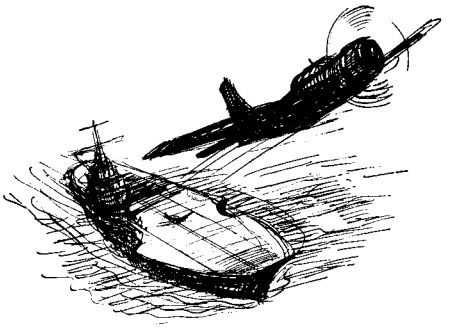
Air-Sea Trouble Shooters



The carrier—a natural weapon for limited war

As the pattern of Soviet strategy unfolds, it defines the present task of the U. S. military establishment. That task does not appear now to be the gigantic, global war which our military planners anticipated. Evidently Soviet strategy, for the time being at least, calls for a series of smaller thrusts—political coups, civil wars, and localized offensives—around the margins of the Soviet world.

This strategy was underscored by the attack in Korea, which found us with only one aircraft carrier in the Far East and no force of Marines within six thousand miles. Two of our best tools of limited war—sea-based air power and the amphibious forces of the Marine Corps—had been cut back to help pay for the development of once-and-for-all weapons like the atomic bomb and the B-36.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff and Congress prepared us tolerably well for the awesome task of unlimited global war, but not for the nerve-trying, frustrating job of fighting small fires all around the Soviet periphery. It is the duty of a military high command, of course, to anticipate and prepare for the worst possible contingency; ours did. But it is also its responsibility to foresee the enemy's alternative strategy and to have suitable forces and war plans in readiness. For five years, Russia's strategy has been to get all it can with minimum risk, chiefly by infiltration and by fomenting civil wars.

Among the various arms and weapons suitable for small-scale conflicts in remote places near seacoasts, none is more flexible and efficient than carrier-based air power. This arm has a unique value for the United States, since we are separated from all conceivable enemies by broad oceans and must do our fighting at great distances.

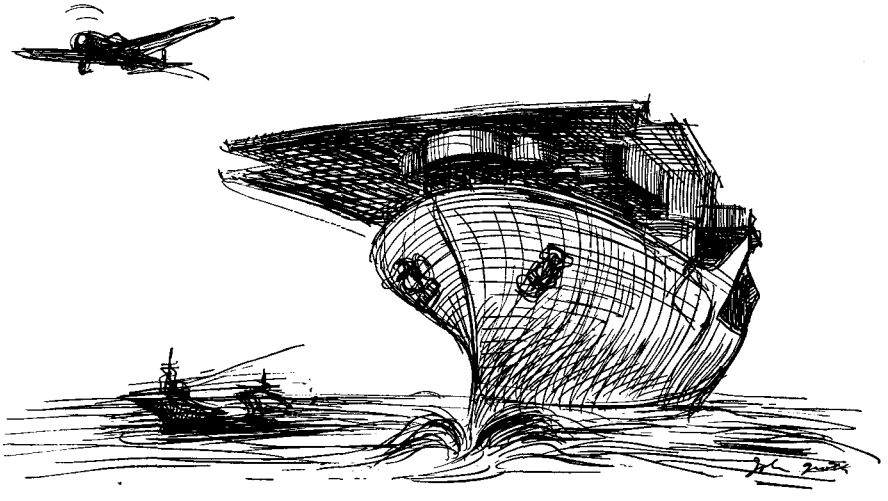
As perfected in the Second World War, the carrier task force is a completely self-contained tool of warfare. It is a floating air base for fighters, bombers, and attack planes. It has its own flight and maintenance personnel, repair shops, fuel, food, and ammunition supplies, reconnaissance forces, and communications. It has its own defense, and it can shift its location at will by eight hundred miles a day.

In 1944 and 1945, the fast carrier task force was a gigantic fleet of 150 combat vessels, with its own auxiliary forces for logistic support—a mobile base for fifteen hundred aircraft. For the purposes of police action or limited war, the carrier task force can better be visualized as a smaller force of perhaps four aircraft carriers, six cruisers, and twenty destroyers. Such a force would have about four hundred aircraft of various types, mostly versatile fighter-bombers. It would have jet fighters for fast interception work; conventional fighters, with their greater endurance, for patrols. It would have heavier dive-bomber types for delivering greater bomb loads.

The four carriers steam in the protected center of a circular formation, roughly a mile apart. They are surrounded by a screen of cruisers (and possibly fast battleships). Outside these, in a concentric circle, the destroyer screen is on the watch for hostile submarines and aircraft. These thirty ships can toss up stupendous anti-aircraft fire. Besides, the task force has its own combat air patrol—fighter planes circling ten miles out at various altitudes—to deal with hostile planes located by radar from any of the ships of the force.

A carrier force of this sort does not need a home port or even an anchorage. It can be fueled and restocked with ammunition, food, and other stores while it is under way. Replacement aircraft can be ferried out by escort carriers. The force can stay at sea as long as its men can.

The U. S. Navy currently uses four carrier types. Some of each are in active commission. There are three 45,000-ton carriers of the *Midway* class (CVB's). Next come the 27,000-ton ships of the *Essex* class (CV's), handling about one hundred planes each. These are the backbone of our



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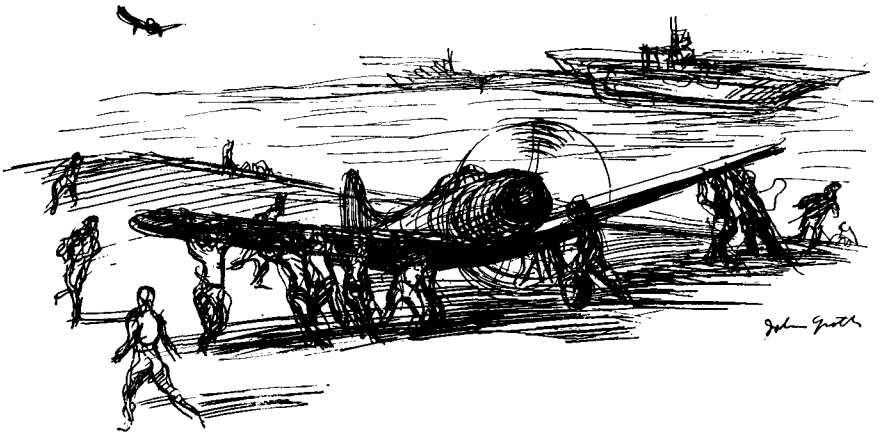
air-sea fleet, but only four of them are in active commission. Then come the light carriers (CVL's), which are much smaller, but fast enough to steam with cruisers and destroyers. Finally, there are the escort carriers (CVE's). They are smaller and slower, but are useful for convoy duty, ferrying planes, anti-submarine duty, and close air support of amphibious forces. Four CVE's are in active commission, and scores are in the moth-ball Navy. Several additional carriers are being taken out of moth-balls to make up for the Secretary of Defense's "economies" of last year.



The missions of such a carrier task force are many and diverse. It can strike at enemy airfields and naval or ground-force bases with precision bombing, strafing, and rocket fire. It can conduct fighter sweeps to destroy hostile fighters. It can spread an air umbrella over the area designated for an amphibious landing. It can give close air support to landing forces, or to any ground forces within two hundred miles of the sea. It can seal off enemy forces, by sea blockade, from any reinforcement or supply by water.

The flexibility of sea-based air power lies in the fact that it can provide an intense concentration of combat air strength in any chosen area within a radius of several hundred miles. To set up an advanced fighter or bomber air base on land, in a new theater of war, is a long, costly, and hazardous undertaking, because countless tons of equipment and supplies must be shipped by slow, vulnerable cargo vessels. If the going is rough and evacuation of the area is necessary, the new base is left for the enemy to use. A carrier force can withdraw at any time. It can conceal itself by rapid movement, or by utilizing cloud cover, and so escape much of the punishment visited on advanced bases ashore.

All the fighting of any consequence in Korea has been within sixty miles of blue water. No point on the peninsula lies beyond easy range of carrier-based planes. Lacking carrier forces initially, General MacArthur had to use heavy bombers from Japanese bases for missions far better suited to fighter-bombers and attack planes. His jet fighters used up virtually all of their range reaching the battlefield and returning. Targets have been for the most part small enemy tank units or troop concentrations, bridges, railway trains, modest supply dumps, and coasting vessels. These don't call for "strategic bombing," but for precision strafing with machine-gun or rocket fire, or at most for 100- to 500-pound bombs. It has been a job for tactical aviation, closely co-ordinated with the ground forces.

Formosa is even better suited to defense by carrier-based air power. It lies a hundred miles off the China coast. The Chinese Communists have virtually no surface sea power and few landing craft, but they do have a great number of miscellaneous small vessels. Our one aircraft carrier in Far Eastern waters was assigned primarily to Formosa, not Korea, because with its ninety or so planes it could maintain a constant surveillance of Formosan shores and the intervening straits. However, Korea and Formosa are only about seven hundred miles apart. A carrier force could be shifted in twenty-four hours to whichever of these areas needed it more urgently. A second *Essex*-class carrier, the *Philippine Sea*, was quickly ordered to the Far East, but that, it was estimated, would hardly give us adequate air-sea power for the tasks in hand.

Of course even in limited war, carriers cannot be employed without recognizing the potential hazard from hostile submarines. In the Second World War, the great enemy of carriers was the dive-bomber or Kamikaze rather than the submarine; but now it might be otherwise. The Soviet Union has about three hundred submarines. Possibly one-third are modern boats like the German Type 21, whose speed submerged is twice that of standard Second World War subs. The new ones can operate for indefinite periods submerged, drawing air for engines and personnel through a schnorkel, or breathing tube. When schnorkeling, a sub shows nothing above water except a small steel island. There is hardly enough to reflect an electronic pulse, so these submarines are well-nigh immune from detection by radar, seaborne or airborne. And by the time they are close enough for detection by underwater sound, they are close enough to fire their torpedoes.

Our anti-submarine warfare techniques have been improved, but hardly as yet in proportion to the increase of the danger. Still, properly screened and alerted, carrier forces do not run an *unreasonable* military risk from submarines. Of course, as we increase our carrier forces in Korean or Formosan waters, we are tempting the Russians to abandon their nonintervention without warning and turn their undersea fleet loose in the hope of shattering American air-sea power overnight. However, if we are exposing ourselves by sending carriers to the Pacific, we are also challenging the Russians. For any submarine operations against our naval forces would amount, on Russia's part, to a declaration of war, an indication of the Kremlin's desire for a showdown. Unless it wants a great showdown, therefore, its subs will probably not attack.

If more disturbances break out on the margins of the Soviet world, our need for sea-based air power will be even greater. Indonesia and the Philippines lend themselves admirably to protection by these floating air bases, which could be put on the scene in a day's time if they were already in Far East-

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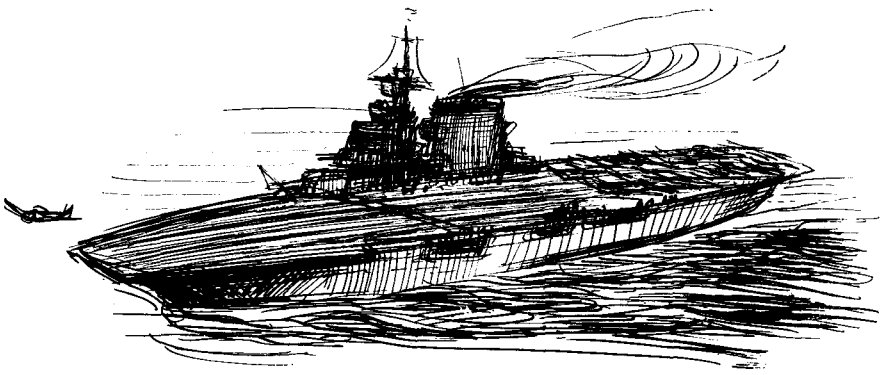
ern waters. Viet Nam poses a different problem. It would be venturesome and costly to put American ground forces into Indo-China, against the limitless manpower under Communist command to the north. But it would be easy to give very substantial support to the French and other anti-Communist forces there from carriers cruising offshore.

Iran, one of the manifest danger spots, is singularly remote. It can be reached quickly by long-range bombers from bases in Europe or North Africa. But the problem there—if that pot boiled—would be bombing and strafing of invading Soviet columns or north Persian units. Unfortunately, we have no aircraft carrier within 4,500 miles of the Persian Gulf. When the Korean crisis arose, the United States had in the neighborhood of fifteen carriers in active commission, some on training duty. One was in the Mediterranean, one in the Far East, twelve or so in home waters, chiefly the Atlantic. Now two are in the Mediterranean, two in the Far East, and perhaps eleven in home waters.

The Navy faces a dilemma in the deployment of the few carriers it has in active commission. To meet the threat of unlimited war, it ought to keep most of its carrier-based air power in strategic concentration, and in safe waters. But if the months and years are going to bring only scattered civil wars on the rim of the Soviet empire, it would be wise to have several smallish carrier task forces, stationed perhaps in southern Japan (near Korea and Formosa); in the Philippines (near Indo-China, Malaya, Indonesia); at Trincomalee in Ceylon (near Burma, Thailand, and the Persian Gulf); and in the eastern Mediterranean (near Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia).

It is a matter of calculating the alternative risks, of compromise between handling carrier forces as a prime weapon for a possible full-scale war and handling them as units of a European-Asian police force. And the calculation still is not easy, even after one convinces himself beyond any doubt that periodic, scattered civil wars are in fact the pattern of today and tomorrow. A sound compromise certainly calls for activating more carriers.

It is not to be supposed that with



ample sea-based air power alone this country can wage and win a succession of limited wars. Anyone who argued thus would be a Seversky of carrier-based sea power, putting his trust in a single weapon. We cannot flush out guerrilla troops from mountain and jungle with dive-bombers. With aircraft alone, we cannot reclaim territory seized by Communist forces. Airplanes, wherever based, whatever their armament, cannot do the work of infantrymen.

But in the special conditions of limited war, where friendly forces may need additional firepower quickly, a carrier with its brood of planes can intervene with telling effect—without the time lost in transporting troops or artillery, or the still greater time lost in setting up advanced air bases on land. In this sense, carrier air power has a sort of first-aid function for wounded or demoralized anti-Communist ground forces anywhere within a few hundred miles of blue water. To put it another way, carrier forces may or may not be able to *win* limited wars; but unmistakably they pack a terrific punch in the first critical fortnight—if they are near enough to the scene of trouble.

The over-all strategic pattern that is now being revealed is not really new. Only the weapons and techniques are new. The Russian Empire was "contained" for many decades by Britain's surface sea power, and was kept from reaching the oceans around the rim of Asia. The Soviet Union is still reaching for ice-free access to the oceans. Surface sea power no longer will ensure containment, but the air-sea power of carrier forces is a weapon of greater range and mobility, and is able to strike far deeper inland. Wisely used, it still can perform this historic task.

In its central position at the heart of Eurasia, the Soviet Union is able to strike out at any chosen point on the perimeter of its territory. It is above all a massive land power, with infantry and armor that the free peoples cannot hope to match. But whenever it thrusts outward, it reaches into the rimlands of Asia and Europe. These lands (excepting central Europe) can be kept within the strategic control of the United States and Great Britain with the effective use of their air-sea forces.

It would be foolhardy, of course, to ignore the somber possibility of a great showdown that would demand the employment of our entire armory, including the B-36 and B-50 bombers and the atomic and other bombs. But the apparent intent of the Soviet Union is to avoid any such showdown, and to use Communist Parties, puppet armies, and other low-risk tools for expansion into every soft spot.

To combat such a hydra-headed Soviet strategy, more political than military, our engines of atomic destruction are neither appropriate nor efficient. Our present need is for highly mobile and flexible tools of intervention—weapons which can be sent instantly to the aid of any people threatened by invasion from the citadel of Communist power.

We have one such weapon in the carrier, another in the Marines and Marine aviation, but these forces have been the victims of Defense Department economy. They need to be refurbished and strengthened, and then deployed for maximum coverage of the far-flung areas of danger.

—William H. Hessler

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Britain — End of Labour's Revolution

The postwar British revolution ended with the return of unrationed gasoline. This statement may not make its way into the history books, but it is nevertheless true that the return of the family car marks the end of the era which began in 1945 when victorious Labour members rose to shatter precedent and decorum by singing "The Red Flag" in the House of Commons.

After five years of furious Tory battle against the Labour program, after torrents of words and reams of paper expended against "the creeping terror of Socialism," the Conservative Opposition on April 27 challenged the Government, unsuccessfully, on the issue of increasing the tax on gasoline. A few weeks later, the Labour Government threw in the towel, in form of the Petrol Ration Book, and sued for peace with the middle class. Its peace offering was the family car, which had been held hostage in the garage since shortly after the beginning of the war.

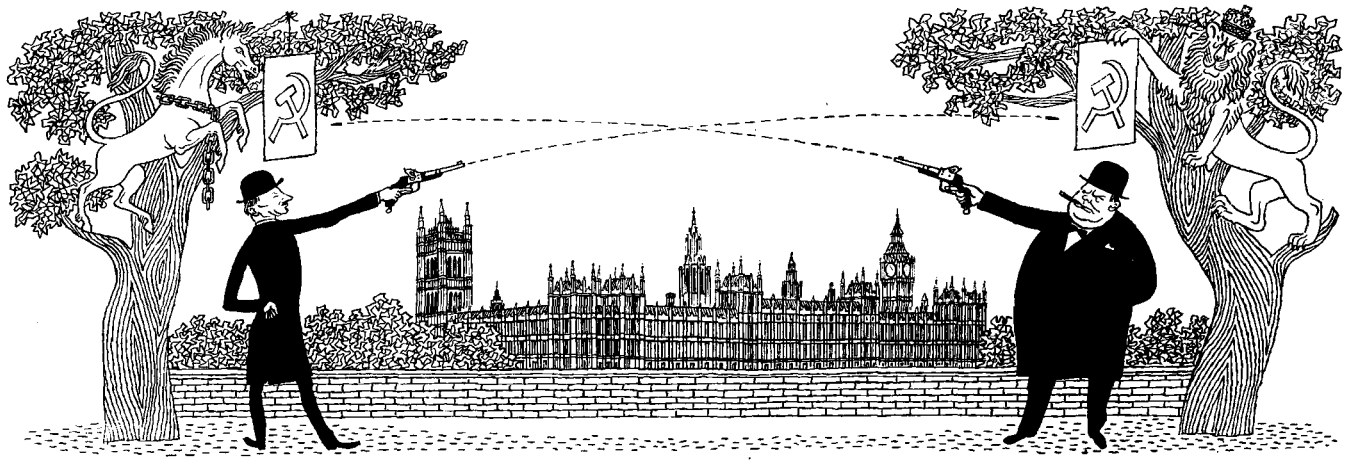
That action may well turn out to have been Labour's greatest stroke of political genius. At any rate, it was the symbol of the party's attempt to bury the flag of revolution and to carry on as a movement of moderate social reform. Herbert Morrison, Labour's master politician, began to sound as though he agreed with Winston Churchill that "socialism" really is an impolite word.

In effect, Britain today has a coalition Government. No Labourite or Tory would admit this, and it is probably the most secret coalition ever to run a major nation. But it exists *de facto;* British politicians and statesmen have for centuries been guided more by facts than by theories.

In talking to Labourites one often comes away with the impression that the February election gave their party another "mandate." Tories, on the other hand, are likely to hint that it was really they who were victorious. Both can be properly put in their place by the story about the young man who said, upon seeing the headless "Victory of Samothrace" for the first time, "If that's victory, I'd like to see what the fellow who was beaten looks like." Politically, the answer is simply that, in a sense, victor and vanquished look pretty much alike. With British regard for fact and reason, the rulers and the Opposition have therefore decided to go into business together, even though the merger has been carefully hidden under a smoke screen of continued partisan electioneering.

The statistical reasons for this are fairly obvious. Although Labour lost heavily in terms of Parliamentary seats in February, it actually managed to increase its total popular vote over the 1945 landslide figure. In terms of percentage of the total vote it lost only 1.7 per cent—a remarkable record for a Government in power at any time, and a miraculous achievement in a period of severe economic crisis. At the same time, however, the Conservatives increased their total popular vote and their seats in the Commons even more dramatically. The fact is that the Government now commands only forty-six per cent of the total vote. This discrepancy is explained by the 2.6 million Liberal voters.

Even before the last election there were suggestions that a coalition would be the only honest way out of the dilemma. But honesty is very rarely the best political policy. A coalition brought to mind the 1931-1935 "national" Government of Ramsay MacDonald, which still spells shame and treason to every trade unionist in the British Isles. Even on the Conservative side, furthermore, the stigma attached to open coalition is that it has an air of fatal finality: If a coalition Government makes a mess of things, there is nothing further to turn to, and the Anglo-Saxon tradition, ex-



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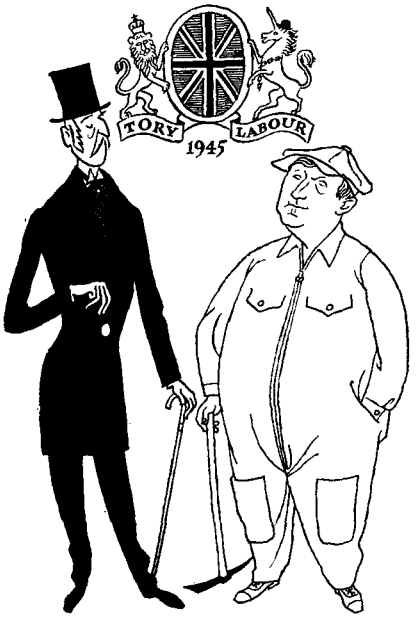

cept in times of actual emergency, is firmly wedded to the show and practice of party rivalry. In addition, there is an acute personal problem: A coalition with Winston Churchill serving in any position other than the Premiership is hard to envisage. Finally, the Labour Party did, after all, win the election.

And so the next best thing was a compromise. Nothing has ever been said about it. The show, in fact, went on. At every vote of confidence—and there were many—members of both sides were rushed into the Commons by ambulance and wheel chair. Each vote took on an air of suspense, gamble, and excitement. Naive observers held their breath each time and wondered whether the particular issue would unseat the Government.

But even in the early days of this apparently uncertain setup—some time in mid-March—several Labour members told me bluntly that things had never been so easy for them. The party whips, far more powerful in Britain than in the U. S. Congress, had worked out an agreement long before: Proper notice of every test vote would be given well in advance. And—a number of trustworthy cynics were ready to swear—the Tories could be trusted to figure out in advance how many disabled Labourites simply couldn't be dragged in for the vote, then to make arrangements for the required number of His Majesty's Opposition to stay away, too. If the vote was always kept at an uncomfortably narrow margin—well, that was a justified concession to the next election campaign (which has been under way since the last one ended), when the Tories will have to make much of the fact that they challenged the Government frequently and never lost by more than a few votes.

The basis of the coalition is relatively simple. The Conservatives carry sufficient weight to prevent Labour from doing anything which the Tories fundamentally oppose. A single further nationalization move, for instance—even the implementation of steel nationalization, which is already on the statute books—would break the "agreement," cause a real test vote, and, probably, the fall of the Government. So would a budget which attempted a return to the Socialist "soak-the-rich" dogma. On the other hand, the Tories have accepted the entire program of social security. The tip-off to this came when Dr. Charles Hill, secretary of the British Medical Association and former leader in the Conservative fight against socialized medicine, confounded the public by praising the National Health Scheme in the Commons.

Why are the Tories willing to play ball in this secret coalition, and how long will they continue to toe the line? If Labour has given up "Socialism," what is happening to the Socialists? Considering the 1945 landslide, why has Labour turned so "conservative" despite its continued popular support? And finally, when and how can the present "coalition" be expected to end in a decisive victory for either party?

The first, and reasonably safe, answer is that the Tories are politically wise enough not to have any desire to take charge of the Government now or at any time in the near future as long as their margin would, at best, be as precarious as that of the present Government. Tory planners—headed by Lord Woolton—know that a Conservative Government with a narrow majority is far less workable than an equivalent Labour rule. Labour—in opposition—would be a far more troublesome force than the Tories could ever be, because a Conservative Government would have to cope with the trade unions. If the Tories now act as a brake on the Labour Government, the Labour Party, were the position reversed, could easily act as a roadblock.

If the Tories came to power by a narrow margin, they would be threatened not only by real labor unrest but also by a serious economic problem, which the 1950 Conservative election platform conjured up: Tory speakers promised not only lower taxes but also higher wages, vowing to end the wage freeze. Anyone who knows how bitter the fight over wages between the unions and their own Government has been can guess what would happen if the unions confronted a Government which represented "the bosses." The Conservatives know this, and they realize that such pressures could easily create an inflationary disaster so serious as to return Labour to power with a real majority.

This theory is borne out by the fact that within recent months—until their final defeat by Labour's "mild men"—

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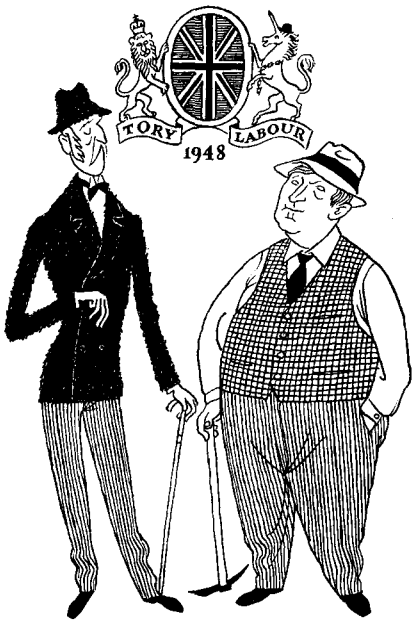

the "wild men" of Labour's left wing actually demanded, behind closed doors, that their Government cause its own defeat on a budget based on a combination of "soak-the-rich" window dressing and tax reduction for the masses. They not only hoped that a campaign on these issues would defeat the Tories decisively; they were even willing for a Conservative Government to take over "temporarily." Their reasoning was that a left-wing Labour leadership might then be placed in power, with the Socialists rather than the trade-unionists in control, and Aneurin Bevan as Prime Minister. It is safe to say that Labour's Herbert Morrison and the Tories' Lord Woolton are solidly agreed on the need of preventing such an eventuality.

This brings up the fate of the "Socialists" in a non-Socialist Labour Party. For the time being the left wing is in total eclipse, not so much because of the ideological convictions of the moderate Labourites as the practical fact that the left wing cannot attract votes in the next election. Being a practical man as well as a political one, Herbert Morrison knows that a decisive increase in the Labour vote can be hoped for only from the middle class. In the last election, every "independent Labourite"—meaning every rebellious party member who left the fold or was expelled—went down to overwhelming defeat. The left-wingers can, at best, bide their time in the hope that their party's moderate tactics will be unsuccessful. In an ironical sense, Labour's Left can be returned to power only by a Conservative victory.

The revolution of 1945, though honestly advocated by the party planners, was supported by a vast majority of Britons who wanted change rather than revolution, and did not know the difference between the two. Except for the rabid Tories and the politically and economically vested advocates of laissez faire, there was pretty solid agreement in the Britain of 1945 that things had been bad under the prewar system. Even the coal-mine owners admitted tacitly that the old way of doing things could not continue.

The middle class, except for its upper strata, knew that the distressed areas, the inadequate medical care and often more inadequate nutrition, and the general insecurity which were the lot of the "lower classes" had not only been morally unbearable in the past but would be politically insupportable in the future. A large part of the middle class, therefore, approved the revolution, not so much because its members liked Labour but because Labour offered a change.

But when the real changes came, it turned out that many of the middle-class revolutionaries had wanted a program that affected only the vague group known as "the underprivileged," and not themselves. They were theoretically in favor of better medical care, universal schooling, cheaper mass-produced clothing, more vacations for workers, and so forth. But they wanted all this without any interference with their own way of life. When the reforms unexpectedly began to put the family doctor, the private school, the individually tailored suit, and the continental vacation out of their own reach, they hastily got ready to stop the revolution. When the maid left the household and the family car ran dry, gentle middle-class matrons began referring to the Government as Those Frightful People. Even the truly liberal wing of the middle class—among them many youngish government employees—had, by the end of 1949, begun to refer to the Government as "they" instead of "we."

The American middle-class observer is tempted to feel very sorry for the harassed British middle class, but the truth is that the British middle class has for the most part been losing privileges—the tailored suit, the handmade shoes, the maid, the private school—which the majority of Americans lost a long time ago. The temporary British tragedy is that household technology has not yet caught up with the social revolution. Electrified kitchens, central heating, mass-produced dresses which don't look mass-produced, even the dishwashing husband—all these new devices to make classless life less of a chore are only just appearing on the British horizon. If I were a Labour politician I should look with greater satisfaction on the recent advent of frozen food in British shops than on all the ideological victories of nationalization. The former may prove far more symbolic of the revolution.

So the reason for the apparent re-

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versal of the 1945 landslide becomes less puzzling: In retrospect, it may well turn out that the landslide really was no landslide at all—just a long-delayed move in the evolutionary direction in which the United States had already been moving for about fifteen years.

All factors considered, it is probably accurate to say that neither party has taken much of the other side's 1945 vote. But in February the Conservatives managed to bring out those among the middle class who had been Tory by social and traditional background but had not voted at all in 1945 because they silently sympathized with the idea of Labour's brave new world. The wooing of that group has become the main political theme behind the present "secret" coalition, and the coalition itself is likely to fall apart only when it has helped one party to secure that bloc of voters.

This may not happen for quite some time, and it thus becomes possible for the present Government to continue in office (if not in power) much longer than most observers first expected. Only a drastic economic change—a miraculous boom or a disastrous bust—could upset the balance, and no such change is likely. Although some still hold the theory that violent disagreement over foreign policy might break up the "coalition" and unseat the Labour Government, this, too, is a superficial view: Labour's recent uncooperative attitude toward European unity has not prompted the Tories to move in for the kill largely because the Conservative ranks are at least as seriously split as Labour's on the wisdom of turning Britain into a strictly European power.

The most unpredictable guest in the coalition boardinghouse is Winston Churchill. It is an open secret that the old warrior desperately wants to wipe the blot of political rejection from his glamorous record. A ranking member of the Conservative hierarchy admitted to me that the possibility of a spectacular stunt by Churchill is the daily fear of Tory planners. These fears were partially borne out when Churchill unexpectedly sprang his suggestion for German participation in western defense. The immediate attempt of some of his leading Tory colleagues to unsay what their leader had uttered indicated both Churchill's unpredictability and the Conservative Party's determination to fight for a continued coalition—perhaps even over Churchill's head.

Meanwhile the battle for the middle class continues. It is at present Labour's battle, with Morrison on the offensive. In the last election Prime Minister Attlee toured the country in the family car, capitalizing shrewdly on the use of that middle-class coat of arms. In the current unofficial campaign for the next election, that approach has been perfected. With the end of gas rationing, the family car has been given back to the middle class as a symbol of its survival and Labour's tractability.

Because the revolution of 1945 has ended on such a minor note, one may be tempted to conclude that it has failed. In the doctrinaire sense, this may be true, but, as elsewhere in western Europe, the doctrinaire element of British Labour fought for a program which lost its validity some fifty years ago, when its political arteries were

hardened by the nineteenth-century clichés of the class-struggle theory. That doctrinaire British Socialists had to fail was obvious to students who know that such an approach as theirs is completely impractical in any but a totalitarian society.

Perhaps even more responsible for the defeat of British Socialism was the strongly class-conscious British public. The British worker has retained many of his "anti-boss" sentiments even when the new boss, in the nationalized industries, has been a Labourite. On the other side of the fence, one Labour politician, asked how he determines who belongs to the middle class, said: "In Britain all those belong into the middle class who think they do."

The fact is that the Government of the 1945 revolution—a Government dominated by the very unrevolutionary British trade unions, of whom Ernest Bevin is the living symbol—has presided over British postwar recovery, with Marshall aid, and over a truly remarkable stabilization of the economic and political ledger. It has introduced social reforms and economic opportunities which have existed for some time in America. It has not only liquidated controls with reasonable speed (some Conservatives even called the removal of gasoline rationing too rapid!) but has also created a new phenomenon: The tempo of British political change is no longer the dangerous European swing from Left to Right and vice versa. Instead, the two major parties have begun to move steadily toward a stable Center.

If a vindication of the past five years in Britain were sought, it might be found in the plain fact that no Communists or Fascists are represented in the House of Commons. That is more than can be said of any other European country.

To the doctrinaire—both Tory and Socialist—the present "stalemate" and the secret coalition must represent a shameful and inglorious anticlimax. The reason why this coalition remains so quietly effective is that, at least for the time being, the left-wing firebrands and diehard Colonel Blimps have been effectively neutralized by their own parties and by the British electorate. In this situation, political "me-tooism" has become a virtue which forms a natural basis for an unnatural agreement. The revolution has become shared property, and thereby its achievements have been made durable. As soon as this happened, the revolution was over and the normal progress of society was resumed. The doctrinaire Tories and the doctrinaire Socialists lost their political shirts, but only they and their American cousins think this unfortunate.

—Fred M. Hechinger

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Germany

The Face of the Bundestag

Herr Doktor Erich Köhler, president of the West German Bundestag, looked at his watch, then reached for a brass handbell on the speaker's rostrum and shook it gently. Slowly, almost reluctantly, the elected representatives of Western Germany's 48 million people broke up their conversation groups in the aisles and took their green leather seats behind small black desks.

Köhler peered across the battery of microphones before him and pointed to a hand which had shot up from the row assigned to the 131 Social Democrats: *"Das Wort hat Herr Abgeordnete Ollenhauer."*

Konrad Adenauer

Erich Ollenhauer, a pudgy, bespectacled man, marched determinedly down the aisle toward the rostrum. His party, he said, would insist on the prosecution of the German judges who had acquitted right-wing Deputy Wolfgang Hedler of making an anti-Semitic, ultranationalist speech at a British Zone election meeting. "The Social Democratic faction demands the punishment of the guilty judges for perverting justice," Ollenhauer declared.

Dr. Georg Kiesinger, a Christian Democratic leader, was at the rostrum before the Socialists had finished their round of partisan applause. "This motion," said Kiesinger, "attacks the foundation of justice which we, as deputies, swore to uphold."

This time the Government and right-wing parties supplied the applause. A Communist delegate began to read a newspaper.

The rightist Free Democrats, whose fifty-two seats make them the Christian Democrats' largest coalition partners, added a word of caution. "We must thoroughly beware of indicting German judges," roared their representative.

At this, the cry "advocate of Nazi-ism!" was heard from the left side of the chamber. "Who shouted that?" demanded President Köhler, and two Social Democrats rose nonchalantly from their places.

Unparliamentary guffaws exploded on the left, and several delegates started to bang the tops of their wooden desks in what was called a *Pultdeckelkonzert* —desk-pounding concert—in the days of the Weimar Reichstag.

Heinz Renner, deputy chairman of the Bundestag's fifteen Communists, mounted the rostrum next.

"Here comes the symbol of a truly just state," mocked a strong baritone from the center of the chamber. Three right-wing deputies left their seats and walked toward the lobby at the rear. In the press gallery, German newspapermen winked knowingly at each other and laid down their pencils.

"No, I am just a man who suffered under such judges," said Renner, icily staring at his baritone heckler. "Who is this Hedler? What is his platform? Racial hatred and hatred against the Soviet Union, but that is also the platform of the politics so often played in this Federal Republic. . . . The aim of all this is to harness Germany to a war of the U. S. monopoly capitalists. . . ."

And so the debate went on. This recent session of the West German Parliament set no record in heat, oratory, or importance. It was just another day's business, neither more inspiring nor more discouraging than usual. But it offered an indication of the varieties, personalities, backgrounds, and interests which make up the Bundestag.

James Russell Lowell might well have been speaking of the Bundestag when he wrote, "In the parliament of the present every man represents a constituency of the past." Few newly born legislative bodies in history have been so firmly linked to a consciousness of the immediate past as this 402-member German lower house.

In it, you'll find Moscow-trained Communists, survivors of Dachau and Buchenwald, three Jews, members of anti-Hitler plots, passive anti-Nazis, refugees from East Germany and the Sudetenland, "middlemen" for Ruhr industrialists, Bavarian separatists, former Wehrmacht officers, ex-Nazi Party members, Prussian-stamped nationalists, a few repressed anti-Semites, and even a lone delegate whose primary cause is the reunion of Schleswig-Holstein with Denmark.

There is twisted agony imprinted on the countenance of Socialist leader Kurt Schumacher, who, minus an arm and a leg, carries in his thin frame the

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Erich Köhler

memory of ten years in concentration camps. There is the wild, white face of Alfred Loritz, leader of the unpredictable Economic Reconstruction Party, who is best remembered as a "Blond Führer" and almost forgotten as an effective and courageous anti-Nazi underground leader. There is the homely dignity of plump Center Party leader Frau Helene Wessel, one of the Bundestag's thirty women delegates, who has been called "the best man in the house" for the moderate common sense of her speeches. There is the handsome, urban suavity of the "Voice of the Ruhr," Christian Democratic banker Robert Pferdmenges. There is the ashen, spade-shaped face of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, an anti-Nazi whose pointedly independent course of action at Bonn has earned him the title "the authoritarian democrat" from his Opposition. There is the bitter memory of six years in Sachsenhausen chiseled on the gaunt features of Communist leader Max Reimann, who was imprisoned last year by a British Zone court for denouncing the German creators of the Bonn Republic as "Quislings." There is the youthful determination in the face of blond Wehrmacht veteran Adolf von Thadden, who tries to lead his Deutsche Rechts Partei toward a nationalism that avoids the evils of Nazism.

The face of the Bundestag is the composite face of shoemakers, lawyers, mechanics, farmers, housewives, doctors, miners, teachers, salesmen, journalists, and local politicians—all transformed into legislators last August. How well does the Bundestag represent its constituents? What sort of democracy is being practiced by this parliament—born of defeat and despair and delivered by three Allied midwives?

The Bundestag got under way last September with the grinding sound of imperfectly meshed administrative gears. In the first three months it passed only four laws, but during the second three months it functioned better and approved an additional twenty. While most of its work concerned the extension of bizonal legislation, a few bills definitely fell under the heading of new and important business. The ratification of the ECA agreement, the extension of financial aid to Berlin, and a touchy amnesty law for short-term prisoners topped the list.

Another bill, passed but provisionally rejected by the Allied High Commission, has been described by an American political adviser as "one of the foulest kidney punches that democracy has received in postwar Germany." This neat legislative package would re-establish the reactionary and invulnerable hierarchy of the Nazi-nurtured civil-service system, thus perpetuating an eighty-year-old Prussian

Kurt Schumacher

Max Reimann

tradition that the civil servant is superior to the private citizen.

Critics of the Bundestag have tagged it "the talking shop." Several months ago the Hamburg paper *Sonntagsblatt* ran a cartoon showing Mr. Average German chiding a fat hen sitting on a nest labeled "Bundestag." The caption read: "Let's have less clucking and more eggs." The parliamentary immaturity of members recently drawn from field, workbench, and office desk is partly responsible. Another cogent reason for the assembly's unfortunate resemblance to a debating society is the ever-present feeling of restraint amid which it must work under Allied occupation. While the Adenauer Administration is legally responsible to the Bundestag, the Allied High Commission, which has supreme authority, owes the Bundestag neither responsibility nor explanation. "Since it doesn't make any difference what we do anyway," many delegates feel, "we might as well talk."

The somewhat shaky alignment of the government coalition parties has also contributed to the Bundestag's proclivity to stray from the business at hand and "talk out of the window" as though to an election meeting.

The possibilities of any real debate in the Bundestag have been all but done away with by a house rule which was supposed to safeguard freedom of expression. Under this rule, a Council of Elders apportions speaking time to each party. On a particular issue the two largest parties, the Christian Democrats and the Socialists, may each be given an hour's speaking time, and lesser groups will get time on the

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basis of their relative strength. Thus, a "debate" consists of nine prepared party statements read consecutively from the rostrum by party spokesmen.

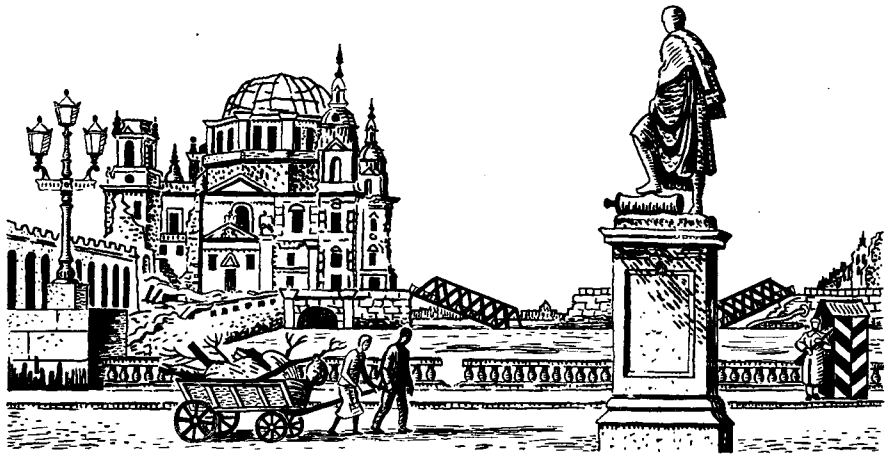
Further dampening any spontaneous discussion, another regulation requires that delegates must always address the house formally from the speaker's rostrum and never from the floor. Because of these house rules and the rigid bonds of party discipline, a great many delegates have sat silently at their desks since last September, limiting their comments on legislation to heckling speakers from other parties.

From time to time the Bundestag is treated to amateur theatrical performances. Last autumn a pair of appropriately costumed "Russian prisoners of war" rushed down the aisles to the front of the chamber just as Communist Reimann began to speak. It was later discovered that the two had been the Chancellor's supper guests the night before they put on their show, had each been given a suit of clothes, and had gained admission to the chamber on special passes countersigned "Adenauer." Entire Opposition parties are occasionally to be seen stamping from the chamber. Even Government Ministers have left the building in a huff rather than listen to a two-sided discussion of their programs.

Unfortunately President Köhler seems to lack the tact, humor, and prudence which might keep the temperamental Bundestag running smoothly. There has been an attempt to conceal the tight rein which the Chancellor holds on Köhler. During a tax debate, Köhler barred a Socialist member from the session for casting a slur on Finance Minister Fritz Schäffer. The ban would not have been unusual except that it was announced ten minutes after the Socialist had finished speaking and only seconds after the Chancellor himself had mounted the platform and whispered something in Köhler's ear. The Socialists have made two motions to oust Köhler, but both were quashed by technicalities.

The Bundestag's principle of rule by party requires that all legislative decisions be made by the party as a whole. According to its strict, unwritten provisions, an individual delegate has no right to express any personal views outside of party caucuses. Bundestag sessions are therefore little more than public shows, since all decisions have been made previously behind closed doors. The delegates look upon open discussion in the chamber as mere oratory for the record.

If any member should dare to defy his party's stand, he would almost certainly be expelled. This threat carries weight, since a member can have no substantial influence in the Bundestag except as a party and faction member. Unaffiliated, he would lose his membership on committees and the right to influence legislation in the party meetings. Each member knows that he owes his seat, his six-hundred-mark monthly salary, traveling expenses, and the thirty-mark daily attendance bonus to his party rather than to any personal political attractiveness he may have.



The name "Adenauer" is first on the alphabetical list of Bundestag deputies. The name would also be high on a list of reasons why the assembly lacks the prestige and self-confidence it needs.

However well-meaning and courageous Chancellor Adenauer may be, his determination to have his own way has weakened the restraining checks which the Bundestag is supposed to hold over the executive. He has made important policy statements on such key issues as the Ruhr, rearmament, and Franco-German relations to correspondents before discussing them with the Bundestag, his own Christian Democratic Party, or his Cabinet.

Even members of Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union criticize his authoritarian ways—but only in the bright red-tiled lobbies outside the chamber. With his majority coalition position threatened by constant outcries over unemployment, inadequate housing, and refugee problems, Adenauer believes that tight factional discipline within his C.D.U. and its voting partners, the Free Democratic Party and the German Party, is the only way to maintain a precarious position.

German voters do not seem to take the Bundestag much more seriously than Adenauer does. Whether this represents the traditional surrender of the German citizen to the will of his government is a moot question. At any rate, few Germans have taken the trouble to write letters, send telegrams, or go to Bonn as "living lobbies" for legislation which affects them. In mid-February three thousand truck drivers converged in a noisy, honking caravan about the Bundestag to protest a proposed rise in the price of gasoline. The Government parties in the chamber protested the demonstration as "pressure from the streets." Later, in a speech at Bochum, Adenauer took both the police and state governments to task for permitting the protesters to organize. "What truck drivers can do today," he said angrily, "the unemployed, refugees, and even Communists may do tomorrow."

There have been rumors of a veterans' pension march on Bonn, but nothing has materialized. Occasionally a job seeker will descend on his Bundestag representative looking for assistance, but in the main there is little contact between elected and electorate, despite the fact that German newspapers have been keeping the people pretty well informed about the actions of the Bundestag.

The Bundestag's voting procedures

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do not encourage responsibility on the part of individual members. In not one of the Bundestag's three methods of voting are the name and vote of the individual delegate publicly announced or published.

For minor issues, the Bundestag uses a show of hands, the results judged by the president without an actual count. When the issue is more acute, the balloting is carried out through the *Hammelsprung*—an adaptation of the British House of Commons' "division system." To vote in the *Hammelsprung,* the deputies re-enter through three doors at the rear of the chamber marked JA, NEIN, and ENTHALTEN (neutral). Appropriately, the JA door is directly behind the right-wing and Government parties; the ENTHALTEN door leads to the Center and Economic Reconstruction parties; and the NEIN entrance is conveniently located to the rear of the Communist seats. There is no attempt to identify individuals.

The third method, the secret written ballot, drew such protests from democratic observers that its use has been practically restricted to the election of Bundestag officers.

The book of procedures also contains a provision for a rollcall vote, but this was merely a stiff bow by the Germans toward someone else's concept of democracy; it has not been used.

For all its faults, the Bundestag has given the average German tangible evidence that his countrymen now have an opportunity to govern themselves. And aside from its educational value, it has become important as the unofficial spokesman for millions of anti-Communist Soviet Zone Germans. By the inclusion of eight western Berlin observers in its seats, it has served notice that it does not intend to abandon the former capital to the Soviets.

Jakob Altmaier, a gray-haired former correspondent in the Balkans for the *Manchester Guardian,* is one of the Bundestag's three Jews. Altmaier gave up a chance to emigrate to the United States after the war because of his desire to salvage something from the wreckage left by the Third Reich. "Sometimes I wonder whether we're accomplishing anything at all," he has said of the Bundestag. "But then I know that if we fail, nothing can succeed. So I keep on working, waiting, and hoping." —ALLAN DREYFUSS

Africa

Brakes on the Congo

The apathy that has kept President Truman's Point Four program for the development of backward areas bogged down in Washington for nearly two years is not confined to that city, or to the United States. The fact is that the European colonial powers whose overseas territories would be most affected by U. S. technical aid haven't all been overjoyed by the prospect.

This coolness is largely due to a basic conflict between the aims of Point Four and the policies of most of the colonial powers. Point Four seeks to raise standards of living in underdeveloped areas, as a stimulus to economic progress and as a defense against Communism. Unfortunately, many colonial powers depend on the profits from cheap labor in backward areas for the maintenance of their own standards of living.

Point Four itself was conceived partly as a means of restoring the earning power of Europe's colonies. But as Point Four gains momentum, its advocates are more and more doubtful whether development of backward areas will restore or destroy Europe's colonial profits.

Among our best friends in Europe who don't like Point Four is Belgium, whose African colony, the Congo, produces copper, tin, diamonds, gold, and the even more precious uranium. The Congo grows cotton, jute, rubber, and coffee. Potentially, it is one of the richest lands in the world, but at present it is one of the least developed. If Belgium has its way, it will remain so.

Ever since Leopold II acquired the Congo in the 1880's, Belgium's colonial policy has been dominated by a fear that other countries might try to grab its rich African property. Until the Second World War Britain seemed to offer the major threat. In order to freeze Britain out, Belgium granted monopolistic development rights to certain of its own investment groups, particularly the powerful Société Générale de Belgique and its friendly rival the Banque de Bruxelles.

Belgian investment houses are rich by European standards, but their resources depend on a small home capital market. Several of the largest American banks have assets greater than those of the entire commercial banking system of Belgium. The Belgian investment houses have learned how to make large profits on low volume and organized scarcity. They still remember the collapse of international raw-material prices during the early 1930's, which hit the Congo particularly hard. More than anything else, Belgian investors fear another crisis of overproduction in the Congo.

Important as cautious Belgian business policies may be, they are not the greatest obstacle to development of the Congo. Officially and deliberately, the Belgian government limits the Congo's labor supply so as to handicap any new development. It does this by placing severe restrictions on new

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white immigration, and by immobilizing existing native labor.

White immigration is essential if new skills, new managerial ability, and new enterprise are to be brought into the underdeveloped areas of the world. At present the white population of the Congo is only forty-three thousand, in an area of nine hundred thousand square miles. About a tenth of the white population are missionaries, eleven per cent are government employees, and almost half are short-term-contract employees of Belgian corporations. This leaves less than a third who are engaged in more or less independent economic activity, and who may be considered settlers.

The latest Belgian regulations require every would-be immigrant to post a cash bond of one thousand dollars, plus five hundred for his wife and for each adolescent child. The few Europeans who manage to hurdle this barrier find that the most promising areas for development are already sewed up by large corporations.

The majority of the Congo's eleven million natives have barely emerged from savagery. Few can read or write enough to use their knowledge in daily life. Few have ambitions higher than the eventual ownership of a bicycle. Their productivity and adaptability to modern economic activity are as limited as their aspirations. Native efficiency, instead of rising as the demand for Congo products grows, seems to be standing still or even falling. This is not surprising, since the natives have little to work for.

The eleven million natives receive one-fifth of the Congo's cash income. The whites—less than one-twentieth of one million—receive as much in personal income as the entire native population, and most of the whites aren't well paid by American standards. The large corporations and the government take the remaining three-fifths of all the Congo earns.

Only two generations ago in the Congo, the natives worked as slaves. Today native labor conditions are much improved, but in some areas ten per cent of the male adult natives go to jail every year, mainly for breaking rules designed to enforce work, and evading taxes. There would be even more natives in jail if local administrators were not allowed to give an alternative punishment, the lash. Many natives prefer this to jail, since it takes less time.

These are vestiges of the slave-labor system that are kept in existence by a colonial administration which is in many respects a model of decency and efficiency. But even though forced labor is no longer the prerogative of private ivory and rubber concessionaires, it may still be prescribed by law to increase native output in undeveloped bush areas.

Actually, the most fortunate natives are those working for companies that operate for private profit. In the paternalistic enterprises of the large corporations, the natives—because they are economic assets—usually have decent housing, medical attention, pure water, and adequate food. Natives may become locomotive drivers, mechanics, clerks, and medical assistants. They are free to ride the railroads (on Jim Crow cars). But the number working in European mines, plantations, transport, commerce, and government is only 820,000.

Many more are eager to escape from the bush areas and work in the towns, mining camps, and plantations.

But the government prohibits natives from changing residence without having the assurance of a job. At the same time it virtually prohibits the establishment of many new enterprises—because of the shortage of native labor.

Ostensibly this dual policy is designed to protect tribal culture and native life from the corrupting influence of the white man. Many Belgians sincerely believe that this is for the good of the natives, and cite it as the real reason why development must continue to be slow in the Congo. Only subconsciously, if at all, do these Belgians realize that the compelling reason for holding back development is neither altruism nor an interest in anthropology.

The Congo native grows his own food, using primitive hand tools in a constant struggle with the tropical undergrowth, or he wanders with his cattle in the bush country. The farmers' working methods are highly inefficient, but there are enough of them to feed the entire native population, including those employed by the Belgians. If new industrial development is permitted, many native farmers will leave the land, so that without greatly improved methods of cultivation, the Congo will have to import food. This is the real root of Belgian concern with the preservation of "tribal culture."

The higher cost of imported food would force up native wages and would thus lower profits. Labor-saving machinery would have to be introduced to offset the increase in wages. Thus, new development would not only force up labor costs and destroy the present balance between agriculture and industry, but would lead to the need for even more development. Once begun, the process would tend to accelerate until the investment needed would greatly exceed Belgium's own financial capacity, and the long-feared entrance of non-Belgian interests would become inevitable.

Seeking a way out of this dilemma,

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the Congo administration has begun an ingenious scheme for increasing the efficiency of native agriculture. The government has established central machinery co-operatives, which clear long strips through the jungle. Native farmers are assigned individual plots, running across these strips and into new strips which are cleared each year. Thus, the native is freed from the backbreaking fight against the jungle, and has a plot of practically virgin soil to tend each year. Each farmer can tend a greater area, and can produce larger crops. Since fewer farmers will be needed to maintain the Congo's food supply at present levels, more natives can be released without creating a need for imports.

If it is established on a large scale, the government's plan might preserve the delicate balance of the Congo's present economy, but it is hardly a "bold new program."

Another reason why the Belgians want to go slow is that the Congo is now devoid of political activity. Its administrators are appointed, its laws are made, and its taxes are levied by Belgium's own Cabinet and Parliament. There is no colonial representation in Belgium's Parliament, and no independence movement in the Congo. Local authorities fear that economic development—and the native education which must go with it—would end the present political vacuum. So the Belgians prefer underdevelopment to political difficulties.

Belgians are by no means the only Europeans opposed to colonial development, nor by any means the most backward colonizers. In many other areas of the world, European and even native rulers enforce measures to protect tribal cultures in order to maintain low-wage economies.

Point Four not only accepts the need for change, but urges raised standards of living as the best possible weapon in the fight against Communism. Our own country is the product of the most remarkable period of economic development in modern history, and was itself once a colony. These two facts are the basis for our national thinking on colonial problems, and inevitably mean that our conclusions are different from those of our European friends.

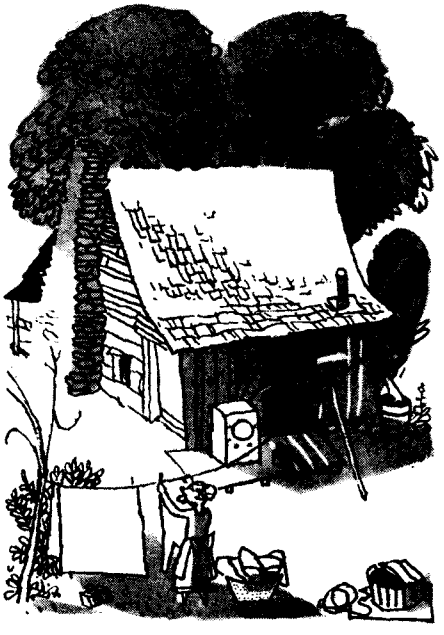
—Charles Edwards

Dixie

The Twilight of Ed Crump

Memphis stands on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi River, squarely in the center of the South. Like those of most old Southern river cities, its downtown section clings to the banks of the Mississippi and from there sends broad, tree-lined streets far out into the suburbs. The population of Memphis—now about four hundred thousand—has increased thirty-five per cent during the last decade, passing Louisville and Atlanta. Memphis is the trading, financial, and cultural center for parts of five states: western Tennessee, southwestern Kentucky, southeastern Missouri, eastern Arkansas, and northern Mississippi.

Right now Memphis is a changing city. The changes cannot be pointed out to visitors by the guides who show them the house where Jefferson Davis lived. But the people of Memphis know that they are taking place. They realize it down on Beale Street, where W. C. Handy says the blues were born. They know it along Cotton Row, where tables are piled high with fleecy samples of the bales that roll in from the rich flood plains of the Delta. They know it in the big houses of east Memphis, in the little houses of north Memphis, and in the railroad yards of south Memphis.



Until two years ago Memphis had not seen a free election for almost two decades. Elections during that period invariably ended with the formal announcement of another machine-made landslide for the slate of candidates which had been endorsed by E. H. Crump. Memphis was a bossed city, and Ed Crump was boss.

The techniques of Crump's control were various, but they differed only in degree from those employed by all totalitarian régimes since the Pharaohs'. First, and perhaps most potent, there was the fear—deliberately encouraged by the Crump machine—of what might happen to anyone who dared to oppose it. Wires were said to be tapped. There were rumors of assessments and rake-offs. It was said that the police tailed backsliders and offenders, waiting for the moment to pounce with some rigged charge.

Much of this fear was based on legend rather than on fact. But there was, of course, the time when a lawyer who supported an opposition candidate was slugged on a downtown street in broad daylight. There was also a time, nearly twenty years ago, when every newspaper reporter and photographer covering an election found himself in jail by dusk on charges of disturbing the peace. There were innumerable cases of violence at the polls, and watchers were often excluded from the counting of the impressive arrays of votes the Crump ticket always ran up.

There were those who opposed the machine and afterward found it better for their business if they left Memphis. Gerald Stratton, once a Memphis lawyer and now a Boston businessman, re-

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calls how lifelong friends turned their heads as they passed him on the street after he was an opposition candidate.

This much of the fear was thoroughly justified: Anyone who opposed Ed Crump could expect to be denounced, threatened, and smeared by the machine's orators and by its whispering campaigns. The knowledge that members of the Crump organization ran the city and county offices, called the jury panels, controlled the state

Senator Estes Kefauver

legislature, elected governors, Senators, and Congressmen, and also sat on the Tennessee Supreme Court, served to support the general fear. How was the lonely citizen to know just how far the machine would go if pressed? Of course, not all support for the machine came through fear. Some citizens actually liked the government Crump gave them.

City and county employees, contractors, and "friends" of the organization were expected to belong to, attend all meetings of, and otherwise be active in labor organizations, church groups, Parent-Teacher Associations, the bar association, veterans' organizations, and other community groups.

The elaborate network of controls began to unravel just a little over two years ago. Ed Meeman, the editor of the Memphis *Press-Scimitar,* who never stopped calling for reform during the dark years of Crump rule, always maintained that if ten substantial citizens—ten men with roots in Memphis—ever decided to get together and defeat the machine, they would be successful. As it turned out, only seven were needed.

The men who in 1948 founded the Memphis and Shelby County Citizens' Committee for Estes Kefauver for the Senate were the Founding Fathers of the new Memphis. They were William Barr, a paint-specialties manufacturer; Lucius E. Burch, Jr., an attorney; O. D. Bratton, a wholesale lumberman; Edwin Dalstrom, manager of a wholesale-paper company; Dr. Henry Gotten, physician; Edmund Orgill, president of a large wholesale-hardware firm; and the late J. Charles Poe, a lumberman.

The motives of these men were naturally varied. Curiously enough, what actually got them together was international, rather than local, politics. Lucius Burch, a successful lawyer in his middle thirties, thought so much of Clarence Streit's book *Union Now* that he sent a copy to his friend, Ed Orgill, the wholesale-hardware man. Orgill found that he liked the book as much as Burch did.

Meanwhile, another Tennessean had read *Union Now* and had decided to do something about it. This was Estes Kefauver, a young Congressman who had been making a name for himself in his home district near Chattanooga. He decided to run for the Senate, with a federal-union plank in his platform.

Orgill, Burch, and the other members of the committee met many times before they took the leap. Every one of them knew that it would be a long jump. In another country it would have been called a revolution. But finally the people who had been impressed with Streit's book convinced themselves that they had no business talking about freedom and democracy in the world if they were not willing to do something about it at home.

The announcement of a citizens' committee for Kefauver was sensational news in Memphis. It was big news throughout the rest of Tennessee, because it meant that for the first time in almost two decades there was going to be an electoral fight in Memphis. People all over Tennessee started joining the ranks.

In Memphis, the Crump machine let go with everything it had. Crump denounced Kefauver as "a pet coon . . . of the Communists." Kefauver replied by donning a coonskin cap and declaring that the coon, a fearless creature, had been known to lick dogs twice its size. "A coon has rings around its tail," said Kefauver, "but no ring through its nose." They laughed in Memphis, and the laughter helped deflate Crump.

The election of Kefauver, and of Gordon Browning, the anti-machine candidate for governor, was a gratifying victory for the Memphis citizens' committee. But they were wise in realizing that the infant they had brought into the world still needed care.

Boss Ed Crump

The infant has been getting that care ever since. First of all the temporary group incorporated itself as the Civic Research Committee, with Orgill as chairman. Among the fifty members of the committee are leaders of some of the biggest businesses and industries in town, and also leaders of organized labor.

It has successfully sponsored a civil-service law for the city and county. With the help of the governor, it has established a system of permanent registration of voters. It is now conducting a campaign to require the use of voting machines. It has held a series of meetings to explain the council-manager form of government.

The Election Commission and the Democratic Primary Board exercise scrupulous care to make sure that all factions are represented among the

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officials appointed in each precinct—a notable innovation in Memphis. Last fall during a referendum vote, Negroes served as election officials in predominantly Negro wards.

As election time approaches again, the citizens who helped bring democracy back to Memphis, and nursed it through infancy, have decided that the state legislature is the point that most needs attention. The Crump machine always put up a slate of eleven candidates from Memphis (three senators and eight representatives) who were elected with little opposition and no platform. They then went to Nashville and voted according to telephonic instructions from Memphis.

"All my life I've been saying that citizens ought to take an interest in government and make the sacrifice of running for such offices as these," says O. D. Bratton, who is a candidate for the state senate. "Now it's time I put my money where my mouth is."

Mrs. Al Rickey, a candidate for the state legislature, got her feet wet in politics for the first time as a poll watcher for Kefauver in one of the city's toughest wards. "I'm against any election in which the people don't have a choice," Mrs. Rickey says. "That's what this thing is all about, isn't it? I hope someone runs against me. I would hate for the people not to have a choice."

Under Crump the labor groups had a "representative" on the Crump ticket; he was usually a city carpenter who could be counted on to toe the line. This time labor has selected its own candidates. Not to be outdone, Crump has included one CIO and one AFL member in his new ticket, but these two can't count on much support from their unions. Of Crump's eleven candidates, only one has previously served in the legislature. So whatever happens in the primary, the anti-Crump movement will have succeeded in forcing some new faces from Memphis into the legislature.

The "citizen candidates" who are running in the Democratic primary August 3 will certainly not vote as a unit if they go together to Tennessee's Capitol Hill. There are many disagreements among them. But on one point they agree—that all viewpoints have a right to be represented in government.

—RICHARD WALLACE

Arkansas

Syndicated Savior

The town of Searcy, Arkansas (pop. 5,106), is not on a railroad. Arkansas admits to the worst rail service in the Union; yet even in Arkansas, not to be on the Missouri Pacific or the Katy is hardly to be on the map. So the journey to Searcy from Little Rock involves much more than motoring for a couple of hours northeast across a vast cotton and stubblefield waste. It involves a descent into the unchanged and seemingly changeproof past.

I was going to Searcy to have a look at Harding College and its remarkable president, George Stuart Benson. Every week, Dr. Benson's brown eyes stare reproachfully at readers of the East Brady, Pennsylvania, *Review,* and the Dalton, Georgia, *News;* at the more than a million readers of the more than a thousand weekly newspapers in forty-six states that regularly carry his column, "Looking Ahead." Forty thousand labor-union officials and executives and directors of U. S. corporations receive his special monthly *News Letter.* Perhaps a third of the eighty million moviegoers of America have seen at least one of his four animated cartoon shorts. Radio listeners in forty-three states can hear him several times a year. As a lecturer, he is apt to bob up anyplace. And twice a year, advertising and public-relations spellbinders from New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles trek to Searcy to help him with his small college's Freedom Forums. The fact is that the fifty-one-year-old head of this modest Church of Christ school has a following, in his four mediums of communication, to be compared with those of Walter Lippmann, Elmer Davis, Bugs Bunny, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

The bus rolls smoothly between endless rows of blackened cotton stalks. Now and then it circles a mournful clump of swamp oak standing in stagnant brown water. The nondescript farmhouses are set far back from the road, taking advantage of the few feet of elevation the flat countryside affords. Only the abandoned cotton-picker shacks line the highway like big-eyed children, their sagging front doors hiding nothing from a curious world; groups of shacks with their pinescantlin' churches appear on first one side and then the other at two- or three-mile intervals.

This is not too different from the pioneer Oklahoma where Dr. Benson was born and grew up to teach in the rural schools until, armed with a Harding A.B., he went off to China to teach English and run a Bible school for eleven years. It must have seemed, literally, like coming home when, in 1936, Harding called him to take the helm. By that time he had an M.A. from the University of Chicago, and the honorary LL.D. from his alma mater that buttresses his title of "Doctor."

The bus stops to pick up an ancient Cherokee Indian; down the road the driver lets him off at a church where a nonstop camp meeting seems to be in progress. The bus grinds into second gear, leaving the Indian where his worn shoe touched the worn soil. And suddenly I remember my own Protestant-fundamentalist youth: the pinescantlin' churches, the purple and amber and blood-red glass, the cracked bells, the grim-faced folk who wanted no truck with preachers who went in for surplices, altar cloths, and burning tapers. In the local bill of particulars against Dean Acheson, surely it has been noted that the Secretary of State is a "high-church" Episcopalian.

No such shadow hangs over George Stuart Benson. He is pure Campbellite, Kiwanis, Little Rock Chamber of Commerce, Pi Kappa Delta. In recent years he had been president of the Arkansas Public Expenditures Council, a director of the National Thrift Com-

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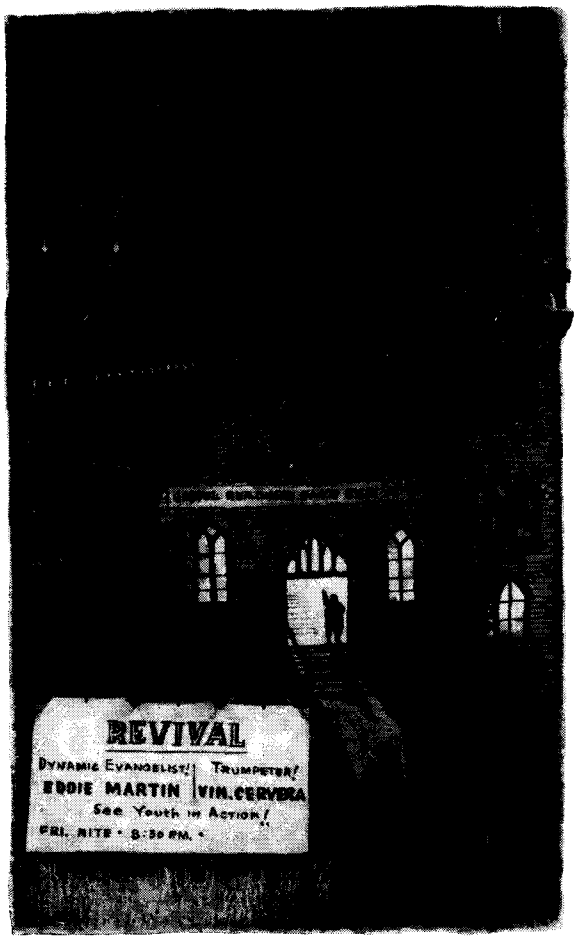

mittee, Inc., a member of the National Committee for Religion and Welfare Recovery and the National Association of School Administrators. It was his preoccupation with thrift that first put him in the national spotlight. On May 15, 1941, he told the House Ways and Means Committee in Washington that the taxpayers could be saved at least two billion dollars a year if the Administration would lop off a third of all its civilian employees and abandon such projects as soil conservation and non-military road building. The proprietors of the Omaha, Nebraska, *World-Herald* thought so well of this uncomplicated reasoning that they purchased space in other newspapers to condense the testimony into a full-page ad which referred to the author as "the noted economist."

At nearly every crossroads, weather-beaten farmers and their plainly dressed womenfolk board or alight, proudly showing the scars of their fat-back-and-grits austerity. Undersized, underfed, work-worn, taciturn, clannish, proud; as proud as the mountain folk. They have known this austerity since before *the* War (their war); it is their special heritage. Translated into the Biblical terms into which they translate all human experience, poverty with dignity is to be preferred to great riches, certainly to the handouts of a profligate Federal Treasury. I thought of something Dr. Benson had written for *Senior Scholastic:* It began with the defiant admission (you could call it a boast) that Arkansas ranks forty-seventh among the states in public education, and went on to say that it wanted no outside help in repairing this condition. Truly, here is a people that will not surrender eighteenth-century liberalism for any cock-and-bull twaddle about economic security. Does the Bible vouchsafe security?

Not as George Stuart Benson reads it, nor as he assumes the majority of God-fearing Americans read it. And who are these God-fearing Americans? As early as 1942 he had defined the audience he hoped to reach: "Our hope for combating the present trend [toward socialism] in this country lies in the re-education of the rural people and reliance upon the American businessman." Free enterprise was threatened. The three perils which he meant to resist were "unreasonable" limitations on personal and corporate profits, the growing strength of labor unions, and government incursions into industry, notably the power-and-light business.

But always on a high note of hard work and thrift. "A group of Texas farmers have made some refreshing and encouraging news. At a financial sacrifice to themselves, they have sent a healthy slice of Federal cash back to Washington with a note to the Treasury which said, in effect, 'Here's your money. By struggling a little harder and pinching our pennies, we can get by without it.' "

And then there was the time he told the Kansas City Advertising Club that at Harding full professors with Ph.D.'s were paid a top salary of $1,800 a year --and then brought the house down with the innocent suggestion that the Federal government could clean up *its* budgetary mess by merely adopting some such scale of values for public servants. It seems that simple to a lot of good people: " 'I've always managed somehow to make my husband's salary stretch, and I don't see why the people in Washington can't do the same with our taxes,' plump, pert, pantry-neat little Mrs. Franz L. Doppelmeyer of South Cupcake, Ohio, today told an august but sympathetic subcommittee of the Senate Appropriations Committee, while photographers' flashbulbs . . ."

The people on this bus would not think this funny. It is easy to see why, given a choice between the advice of a highly educated, widely traveled authority and that of a man of God with however sketchy a grounding in economics and political science, these Arkansas natives will take the latter every time. Never mind whether Leon Keyserling follows John Maynard Keynes; does he follow Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Never mind what Owen Lattimore was spreading in China; it wasn't the True Word, was it?

But Benson's audience is not confined to northeast Arkansas. Is it the same elsewhere and everywhere? Apparently George Stuart Benson thinks so. "Millions of Americans are beginning to stir themselves from a long hibernation," he wrote recently in his newspaper column. "Most of those I met face to face asked, 'What can I do?' The answers are virtually unlimited, but five come easily to mind. First, become well informed on history, politics, and economics. Henry Hazlitt has written an easily understood book for laymen, *Economics in One Easy Lesson.* The current *Reader's Digest* has a provocative book digest on politics, *The Road Ahead* [by John T. Flynn]. The second thing is to speak out. Take five minutes and awaken some of your friends and associates--at your club or Bible class or labor union meeting or sewing circle or P.T.A. Third, get better acquainted with your local preachers and school teachers. Take them books to read; recommend construc-

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tive movies, radio programs, columns, editorials. Fourth, get a good 16 mm. film that tells the American story, and show it the next time your group meets. Fifth, participate actively in the election of sound public officials."

It is when Dr. Benson assumes the role of transmission belt for other and more famous publicists that one discerns the pattern for the Free Enterprise Cominform: the Hazlitt-Flynn, or Hafinform. The dumpy little beauty-parlor operator presses her copy of *The Reader's Digest* on the gaunt widow who lost a son on Guadalcanal. It is an endless transmission belt.

The Searcy bus station is new and clean. The coffee at the long lunch counter is fresh-made and hot. A sign on the wall behind the angular blonde counter girl proudly proclaims:

> This Is To Certify That
> ROBERSON'S RENDEZVOUS
> Is An Active Member Of The
> Harding College Endowment
> Association Of One Hundred
> Fifty Members.

Four blocks away is the inevitable square, dominated by the ancient courthouse and the familiar statue to the Confederate Soldiers of White County, some of whom fought so bravely at Sharpsburg. It is a town of sleepy buildings fitted with modern gadgets tended by smartly dressed, wide-awake young people. I looked at them and wondered if they could be the children of those others, the ones on the bus. I asked the sharp-eyed young druggist for directions. He had to stop to think.

"Benson, Benson . . . oh, the college! Yes, you just walk back to Center Street and . . ."

At the corner of West Center and South Spring, across from the squat, rambling Mayfair Hotel, is the First Baptist Church. A brilliant red-and-black sign on the greening lawn announces:

	REVIVAL	
Dynamic	See	Trumpeter-
Evangelist	Youth	Chorist
EDDIE	In	VINCENT
MARTIN	Action!!	CERVERA

Everything, even a revival, has to be dramatized. Like Dr. Benson's cartoon shorts. (The latter venture was financed by the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation. Technical services were volunteered by John Sutherland, a Hollywood cartoon producer. World-wide distribution facilities were made available by Metro-Goldwyn Mayer.) All four shorts ("Make Mine Freedom," "Going Places," "Meet King Joe," and "Why Play Leapfrog?") revolve around a central figure, Freddie Fud-

sie. Freddie is a workingman who, starting out always as a "natural enemy" of management, is led by a number of extremely persuasive situations and characters to realize that he really needs the unwritten alliance with the boss and all those wholesome, warm-hearted stockholders of modest means in order to produce the highest standard of living in history. He is also led to see, in "Why Play Leapfrog?", that vicious-circle wage-rise demands defeat the workers' best interests.

A good mile east of the bus station, along a street lined with modest, well-kept frame houses of every possible bastard architecture, I finally came to the wrought-iron arch that marks the entrance to Harding's twenty-nine-acre campus. (The school was named for a Campbellite preacher, not for the last Republican who broke a long-term Democratic lease on the White House.) The bare, graveled horseshoe driveway was filled with cars that bore the license plates of seventeen states. (Actually, thirty-three states are represented in the student body of seven hundred or so.) Around the horseshoe were grouped the four nondescript three-story red-brick buildings that composed the original nucleus. To the south and east, beyond an unkempt greensward sheltered by ante-bellum oaks and elms, a handsome new men's dormitory had recently risen, and a new library was half finished.

Off to the left stood an imposing new field house, perhaps the last type of building one would expect to see. (Harding, which gave Preacher Roe to the Brooklyn Dodgers, long ago abandoned intercollegiate sports.) This is the site of the twice-a-year Freedom Forums, inaugurated in 1948 under the aegis of Harding's eight-year-old National Education Program, the purposes of which are set forth in the college's catalogue:

"Harding believe it owes a debt to the American people as well as to its students—especially in these critical times. That is why it set up a Department of National Education to carry its message directly to the people—to twenty-five million a week. Briefly, the aim of this program is to re-educate Americans in the American way of life, developing new appreciation for the principles which are fundamental to our economic and political strength and security."

Described as "training courses in economic education for industrial management men," the forums so far have attracted few trainees from farther away than western Tennessee. An interesting recent development, however, is the formal recognition of the conclaves by the Association of National Advertisers and the American Association of Advertising Agencies, whose Joint Report Committee now actively co-operates with Harding in sponsoring the sessions, and in lining up speakers and seminar discussion leaders.

To the left of the entrance arch stands the president's house, a plain but roomy stucco dwelling. Approaching it, I remembered what a militantly liberal young businessman in Tennessee had told me about George Stuart Benson: "He is the most sinister demagogue since Huey Long."

Dr. Benson, with his iron-gray hair, not yet thinning, neatly parted on the left side, does not look like a demagogue. He looks and talks like a schoolteacher. It is well to be warned of the fanatical gleam in his eyes and the scar on his long upper lip. The scar conjures up thoughts of the young man of thirty years ago, teaching rural school in Oklahoma. I found myself speculating on whether some unruly pupil might not have been responsible for the scar. My mind's eye pictured the mud roads and one-room schoolhouses of an earlier Oklahoma; the mud roads and mission huts of China—that eternal magnet for Christians bedeviled by an overwhelming urge to serve the

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God of austerity, by a touch of monastic masochism, and by more than a touch of desire to escape from reality. "He has been living with austerity too long to remember anything else," I thought.

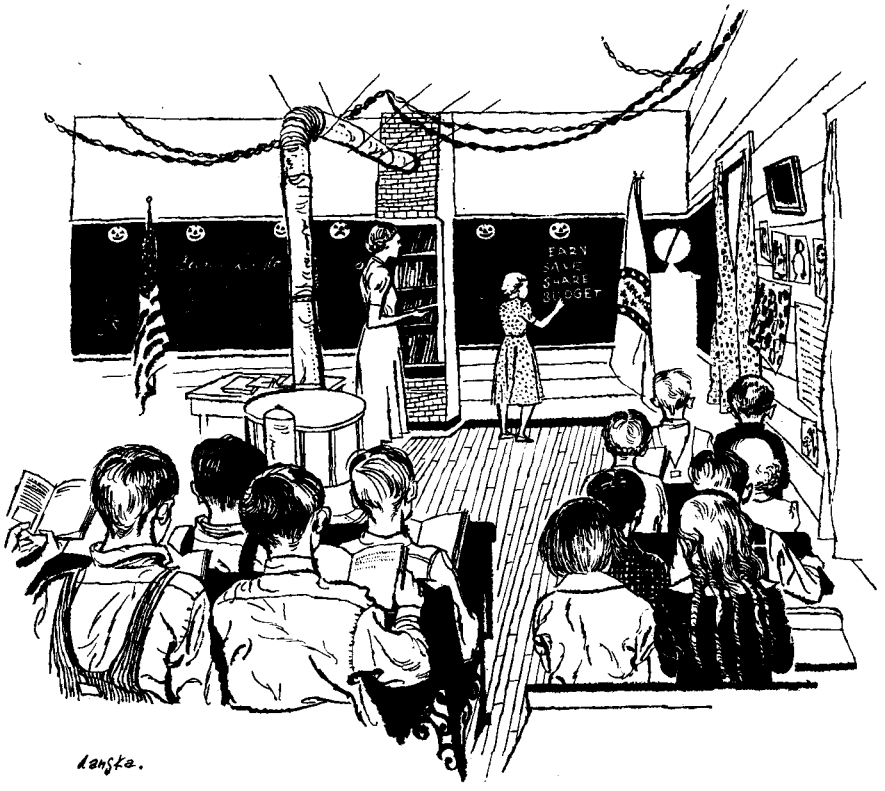
"Our prescriptions are simple, in the true American tradition . . ."

He speaks rapidly, almost frantically, the sentences trailing downward at the ends in the manner of old-fashioned-evangelist harangue. Simple prescriptions. A good simple brew of sassafras root, and stay away from those doctors with their fancy shots of unpronounceable drugs that like as not leave some lingering poisons.

But were the problems themselves simple? Take China, about which Dr. Benson must know something. Some say that if we'd only done what Chiang wanted, everything would be different; yet it doesn't appear to be that simple. And it certainly can't be as simple as merely recognizing the Communists as agrarian reformers. So . . .

But it seemed that our interview was not fated to go very well. In all, it lasted about fifteen unproductive minutes. I had been warned that the Sage of Searcy did not like interruptions, questions; that he would likely leap out of a chair and stand erect, his five feet eight inches of solid conviction quivering; that he might plead a pressing engagement, an expected long-distance call. And yet I think I understand that kind of touchiness. Mr. Acheson is touchy about the precise meaning of "total diplomacy" and "security risk." Senator McCarthy is touchy about the exact definition of "fellow traveler." Secretary Brannan is touchy about the cost of his Plan. Senator Taft is touchy about the details of his "warn Stalin and abandon ship" foreign policy. The physicists are touchy about what they have loosed on the world. Mr. Fairless is touchy about the public stewardship of Big Steel, and Mr. Murray is touchy about the public stewardship of Big Labor. These are touchy times for all those who think they have the answers.

I remembered how Benson had approached the dilemma of security vs. individual freedom in one of his syndicated newspaper columns. "Because of the fundamental craving for security in the nature of man, there has always been the danger he would forfeit even freedom to attain it. Time and again he has—but usually involuntarily. Political masters have built their totalitarian governments on the promise of providing security without destroying individual freedom. The bait is well-nigh irresistible. And now the problem of having economic security and freedom too has begun to plague acutely the citizenry and the intellectual leadership of America. This dilemma may be traced directly to the Communist and Socialist propagandists."



This man Benson is no Huey Long. Hell, he is Mr. Average, the prophet of all the good, simple, free men who are scared stiff and, as always when scared, want to be reassured, like so many children in a suddenly darkened bedroom. But they want to be reassured in simple terms, in terms symbolic of theirs and the nation's uncomplex youth, now forever vanished beyond recall. Symbols heavily larded with familiar words from the Good Book. "Let us pray: O Lord, remove this specter of Godless Russia from our windowpane. Amen!"

There is even a literature of the faith healer: *The Reader's Digest, Economics in One Easy Lesson, Life's* wonderful trust-in-God-and-free-enterprise editorials, scores and hundreds of magazine articles and syndicated newspaper columns, of dollar quickie books and radio programs and movies, and now even "comic" strips. One does not need to go to Searcy, Arkansas, to observe that the effect of rapid strides in the development of mechanical facilities for mass communication has not been so much to give those with something to say a wider audience as to give more people a chance to repeat each other's innocent nonsense; it is rather as though a radio listener had tried to eliminate cross-talk between stations by turning up the volume.

But the net of a trip to Searcy is not that discouraging. The fact that a man like George Stuart Benson can have a potential audience of millions indicates that all this talk about how only millionaires can get their message to the people is a lot of baloney; and the fact that Dr. Benson, in spite of his millions of listeners, can remain virtually unheard-of in the cities indicates that Americans have learned to lump the cacophony of mass communication with the other mounting decibels of urban living, and go about their workaday business little the worse for wear.

By the way—wonder what ever happened to Father Coughlin?

—Llewellyn White

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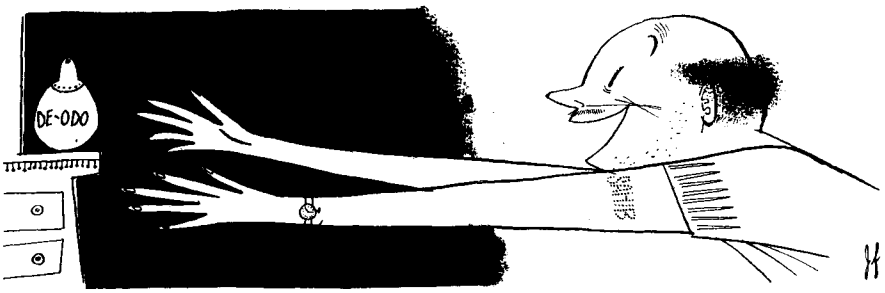
Up the Ladder from *Charm* to *Vogue*

The bugaboo of getting in a rut, of letting your mind, your figure, or your wardrobe become habit-ridden and middle-aged, is conjured up with a terrible seriousness by all fashion magazines and most vividly of all by *Harper's Bazaar,* which sees culture as a vital agent in the general toning-up process, tries to observe unifying trends and to relate a revival of interest in Scott Fitzgerald to Carol Channing and the cloche hat, and is the victim of its own orderliness in collating a mode to a movement.

Literature and the arts, in the middle and upper fashion magazines, are offered as a tonic to the flabby personality, a tonic frequently scented with the musky odor of Tabu or My Sin. The fiction published by *Harper's Bazaar* (*Vogue* does not print stories), to be conned by suburban ladies under the drier, belongs almost exclusively to the mannerist or decadent school of American writing. Truman Capote, Edita Morris, Jane Bowles, Paul Bowles, Eudora Welty, Jean Stafford, Carson McCullers—what these writers have in common, beyond a lack of matter and a consequent leukemia of treatment (taken by the *Bazaar* editors to be the very essence of art), is a potpourri of *fleurs de mal,* a preoccupation with the décor of sorrow, sexual aberration, insanity, and cruelty, a tasteful arrangement of the bric-a-brac of pathology around the whatnot of a central symbol. This fashionable genre of literary story is published in good faith by the *Bazaar,* with a positive glow, in fact, of high-minded, disinterested evangelism. The editors, to do them justice, are as honestly elated by the discovery of a new decadent talent as by the announcement of a new silhouette, a new coiffure, a new young designer.

For both *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar,* the regular discovery of younger and younger authors, of newer and newer painters, is a rather recent development and a concession to democratic principle. Society people do not read, and are not interested (ask a modern dealer) in any painters later than the Impressionists. (The theater is the only branch of art much cared for by people of wealth; like canasta, it does away with the bother of talk after dinner.) A society person who is enthusiastic about modern painting or Truman Capote is already half a traitor to his class: It is middle-class people who, quite mistakenly, imagine that a lively pursuit of the latest in reading and painting will advance their status in the world. It is for them and for their financial inferiors, students of interior decorating or the dance, bookstore clerks, models, assistant buyers and advertising copywriters, that photographs of Picasso drawing with a ray of light, reproductions of paintings by DeKooning or Baziotes, stories by Carson McCullers, Peggy Bennett, or Speed Lamkin have moment. For all those engaged in competition for status, the surge of a new name forward anywhere, in any field, in astrophysics even, or medicine, is of intense personal reference and concern. Any movement in the social body, any displacement, is felt at once by every mobile member of the organism as relating to his own case, and the inside knowledge of these distant events gives poise and assurance—hence the relevance of the yearly awards given by *Mademoiselle* and other fashion magazines for achievement in science, medicine, human relations, and the like.



A writer for *Mademoiselle* expresses the position of those on the lower rung of the ladder very clearly when she tells about how exciting it is to live in Washington, and adduces as an example the fact that her husband, Bob, once rode on a plane with the U.S. special representative to Israel and another time "bumped into Henry Wallace and General Vaughan coming out of the White House the day Wallace had his farewell row with the President." Here the sense of being close to important events (itself vicarious) passes from the husband to the author to the reader. It is three removes off. What she likes about a certain Washington couple, she continues, is "that they always have interesting people around them, kicking around interesting ideas." And of her friends, in general, "What really roots them to the spot is that the work they do has intrinsic, social meaning." The concluding phrase, with its queer use of the comma, suggests that the intrinsic and the social are distinct and antithetical properties. But from the context it is plain that work that has intrinsic, comma, social meaning is work that is close to the big, busy, important things.

What has happened, in the course of twenty years, is that culture and even

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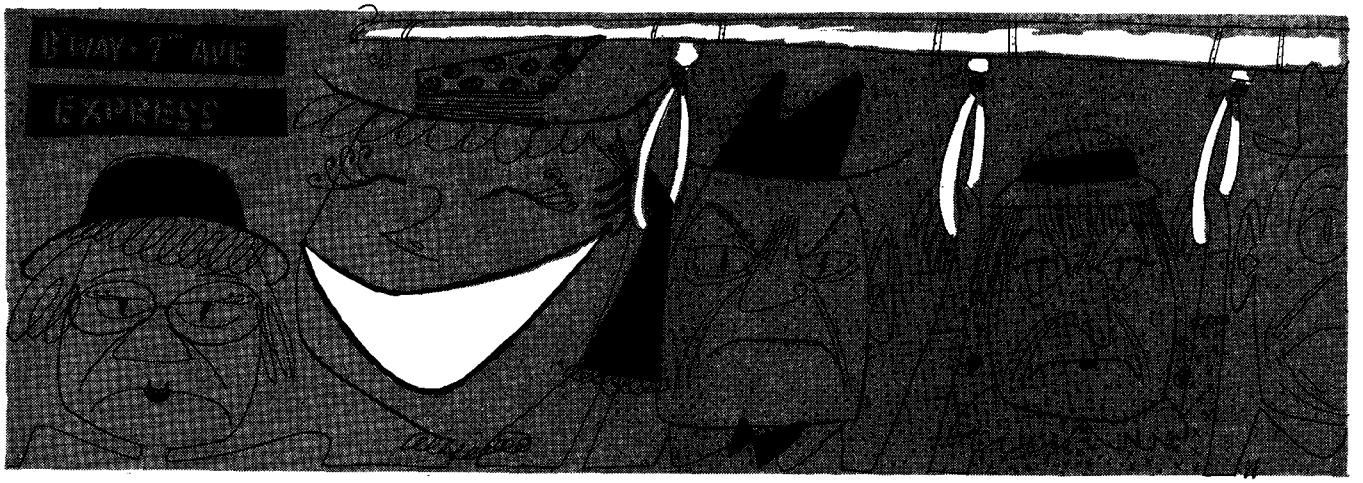

political liberalism have been converted by the mass-fashion mind, with its competitive bias, into a sort of Beaux Arts Ball. "A literary and artistic renaissance is what they're talking about over coffee at the Francis Scott Key, Martinis at the Press Club. . . . The Phillips Gallery . . . pace-sets with frequent shows of important contemporary artists, photographers. . . . At Whyte's Bookshop and Gallery . . . the important draw is. . . ." The idea that it's smart to be in step, to be liberal or *avant-garde,* is conveyed through the name-dropping of a Leo Lerman in *Mademoiselle.* To allude negligently to Kafka, Yeats, Proust, Stendhal, or St. John of the Cross in a tone of of-course-you-know-them is canonical procedure for *Mademoiselle* contributors, whatever the topic in hand, while the minor name here (Capote, Buechner, Tennessee Williams, Vidal) has the cachet of the little evening, the little hat, the little fur. The conception of a mass initiate involves an assembly-line production of minority objects of virtu, and is producing a new conformity altogether dominated by the mode, in which late Beethoven, boogie-woogie, the U.N., Buechner, Capote, FEPC, and *The Cocktail Party* are all equally important names to be spent. Contrary to the practice in high society, the *recherché* is more prized than the known great, and Shakespeare is a virtually worthless counter, which Mrs. Astor never was.

The conspicuous mass display of the bibelots of a curio culture is the promotional secret of *Flair,* the new Cowles magazine, with its first-naming of the New Bohemians, "Carson," "Truman," and "Tennessee," and its splashy collage of democrats and decadents—Margaret Mead and Salvador Dali, Simone de Beauvoir and Mme. Pompadour, Jean Genet and W. H. Auden, Thomas Jefferson and Angus Wilson, Barbara Ward and Franco Spain, Leonor Fini and the Middleburg Hunt, Cocteau and Mauriac. As an instrument of mass snobbery, this remarkable magazine, dedicated simply to the personal cult of its editress, to the fetichism of the flower (Fleur Cowles, *Flair,* a single rose), outdistances all its competitors in the audacity of its conception. It is a leap into the Orwellian future, a magazine without content or point of view beyond its proclamation of itself, one hundred and twenty pages of sheer presentation, a journalistic mirage. The principle of the peep show or illusion utilized in the cutouts, where the eye is led inward to a false perspective of depth, is the trick of the entire enterprise. The articles, in fact, seem meant not to be read but inhaled like a whiff of scent from the mystic rose at the center (flair, through Old French, from *fragrare,* to emit an odor: an instinctive power of discriminating or discerning). Nobody, one imagines, has read them, not even their authors: Grammatical sentences are arranged around a vanishing point of meaning. Yet already, in the very first, quite androgyne number, an ectoplasmic feminine *you* is materialized, to whom a fashion editor's voice speaks in tones of assured divination: "Fashion is Personal. . . . Seven silhouettes chosen from wide possibilities, not because they are extreme high fashion, but because they are silhouettes you might claim. . . ." There follow seven dresses in the current high fashion.

The cynicism and effrontery of this surpass anything previously tried out in journalism. And yet *Vogue* immediately fell into line with its own warm defense of the reader against fashion's tyranny. "Ignore the exquisite exaggerations of fashion drawings" when trying to determine the weight that is right for you; study yourself, know yourself, wear what is timelessly yours. Copy courageous Mrs. Carroll Carstairs, who wears the same beanies every year regardless of the milliners; or Pauline Potter, who carries the same custom-made suede handbag suspended from a jeweler's gold chain. To an experienced reader, this doctrine is merely a 1950 adaptation of the old adage about knowing your own type, a text that generally prefaces the suggestion that the reader should go out and spend a great deal of money on some item of quality merchandise. But beyond the attempt to push quality goods during a buying recession like the recent one, or to dodge responsibility for an unpopular mode (this year's sheaths and cloches are widely unbecoming), there appears to be some periodic feminine compulsion on the editresses' part to strike a suffragette attitude toward the merchants whose products are their livelihood, to ally themselves in a gush with their readers, who are seen temporarily as their "real" friends.

And as one descends to a lower level of the fashion structure, to *Glamour* (Condé Nast) and *Charm* (Street and Smith), one finds a more genuine solicitude for the reader and her problems. The pain of being a B. G. (Business Girl), the envy of superiors, self-consciousness, awkwardness, loneliness, sexual fears, timid friendliness to the

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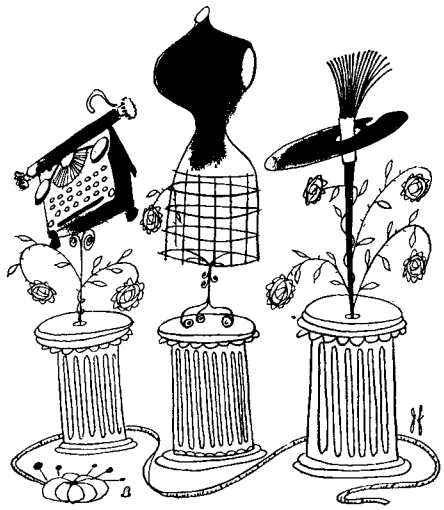
Boss, endless evenings with the mirror and the tweezers, desperate Saturday social strivings ("Give a party and ask *everyone* you know"), the struggle to achieve any identity in the dead cubbyhole of office life, this mass misery, as of a perpetual humiliating menstrual period, is patently present to the editors, who strive against it with good advice, cheeriness, forced volubility, a psychiatric nurse's briskness, so that the reiterated "Be natural," "Be yourself," "Smile," "Your good points are you too" (*Mademoiselle*), have a therapeutic justification.

A characteristic running feature in *Glamour* and *Charm* is a newsy letter from the editors, date-lined London, Paris, New York, or Rome, a letter back home full of gossip and family jokes, the sort of letter one writes to a shut-in. The vicarious here is carried to its furthest extreme: The editors live out for the readers a junketing, busy life in which the readers, admittedly, will share only by mail—quite a different thing from the *Mademoiselle* Everygirl projection. The delegation of experience from reader to editor is channeled through a committee of typical (*Charm*) or outstanding (*Glamour*) business girls—the Charm Advisory Committee, the Glamour Career Counselors—selected from all over the country, who are polled from time to time on problems of special interest and who not only keep the editors in touch with the desires of the readers but pass on, through the editors, their own superior know-how to the lowest members of the caste.

A publication of Street and Smith, *Charm* has a more vulgar tone than *Glamour*, which belongs to the *Vogue* chain. Its circulation, considerably smaller than *Glamour's*, larger than *Mademoiselle's*, seems drawn preponderantly from the West and the South, backward fashion areas, while *Glamour's* public is Eastern or urban, the differences being sharpest in the vicinity of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Los Angeles. *Glamour's* dresses are more expensive than *Charm's*. It is conscious of Paris, Italy, and London, and will illustrate, in the front of the magazine, the work of Italian craftsmen and French designers for their own sake, as objects of beauty and wonder. As in the old *Vogue*, the cultivation of taste, the development of a fashion sensibility which impersonally delights in the finely made and the rare, are, at least in part, the editorial purpose.

A letter from *Glamour's* editor to the readers in last year's Christmas number, suggesting that the American girl lives too much on dreams and illusions and proposing impersonal goals, has the gently remonstrative seriousness of a young woman dean exhorting her alumnae. Maturity and dignity are valued. Photographs of secretaries of well-known persons, photographs of



successful women who began as secretaries, a history of the secretarial profession emphasize the dignity of office work and give it status through history and a tradition. Serenity in work ("Why I Like My Job"—a contest) and at home are stressed to the point where this itself becomes an aristocratic illusion: an article called "These Gracious Customs" showing the cocktail party with hunt-breakfast silver; the inevitable wedding pictures with champagne, striped trousers, and a butler. Yet the general attitude of *Glamour* is sensible, without much side, and in its own terms idealistic, the eye being directed less downward toward the immediate bargain counter than inward toward self-examination and outward toward the great cities and fine artisans of the world.

With *Charm*, on the other hand, the nadir of the personal is reached: The Business Girl is greeted at her lowest common denominator. The editor becomes "Your Ed," the fun-fabulous-wonderful-sensational shriek ("Learn to make one fabulous dish. . . . Give your earrings a new locale. . . . Carry an umbrella as a costume adjunct. . . . DARE TO DO IT"), addressed to the insecure and the maladroit, echoes in a national hollowness of social failure and fear. A presumption of previous failure in the reader, failure with men, with friends, failure in schoolwork, is the foundation of the average feature: "This Little Girl Never Had Any Fun," "Stood Up."

A lead article on "Smiles" in the January issue points to the Roosevelt smile, the Mona Lisa smile, the Betty Grable smile, the Jolson smile, the Dietrich smile: ". . . people in the public eye have never underestimated the power of a smile: it's odd that *you* have so often overlooked it. . . . Though smiling is nicer as a *spontaneous* thing, you might, just in the nature of an experiment, start smiling as a *conscious* thing. Smile at your family . . . your husband . . . your employer . . . your young man. Smile deliberately at some point in an argument . . . at a break in the conversation. . . . Smile a while in front of your mirror." The article finishes characteristically with some hints about dentifrices and the art of toothbrushing. In another feature by the same author, the natural attractions of the bride-to-be are so despaired of that she is advised to apply a lip-coloring base before going to bed, spray the room with "fragrance," and even "steal" a sachet under the pillow.

A preoccupation with deodorants and "personal hygiene" becomes more and more noticeable as the economic scale is descended. Social failure is ascribed to a lack of "fastidiousness," a lower-middle-class fear that first reveals itself in *Mademoiselle*, where the likelihood of giving "offense" is associated with the male sex. "It's the rare man . . . who isn't considerably more attractive when he uses some [toilet water or cologne]." "A consistently fastidious, scrubby male is mighty nice to have around the house. . . . If he doesn't mind tomorrow's garlic and you do, get him a bottle of the leaf-fresh mouth wash that *all* men love on first gargle. If he uses a deodorant—and more men could—keep his brand on hand. If he doesn't, put a squeeze-spray version where he'll see it—it will appeal to a man's mechanical instinct."

The bridal number of *Charm* carries a feature ("His and Hers") on bathroom etiquette, showing pictures of a

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man and woman gargling, shaving, creaming, brushing teeth, putting powder between the toes against athlete's foot, using a deodorant (male); the bathroom is called the *lavabo*. In the same number, a marriage article, "The Importance of Not Being Prudish," contains the following advice: "You'll also be a silly prude if you squeak like a mouse when he, thoughtlessly, walks into the bedroom without knocking and finds you standing in your bra and panties. Don't make like September Morn. Respecting your natural modesty, he'll probably say he's sorry, walk backward through the door. . . . (He *should* have knocked . . .)." And another feature, "Beauty Steps to the Altar," includes two "Secret Steps": crayons to color your gray hair give a "natural, plausible performance. . . . And remember there are very good preparations that make a secret of scars and blemishes."

Thus, at the lowest fashion level, a most painful illusionism becomes the only recipe for success. Admiration and compliments provide momentarily the sense of well-being which, for the woman of fashion of the upper level, is an exhalation of the stuffs and stays that hold her superb and erect as in a vase of workmanship. For the reader of *Charm* it is her very self that is the artifact, an artifact which must be maintained, night and day, in the close quarters of marriage, brought to a higher sparkle for party evenings with the gang ("Your quips were a tearing success; his gags killed 'em"), at the office, in the subway ("Smile"). The continued tribute to be extorted from others, which the *Charm* policy promises its untouchables, if only they will follow directions, is laid down as an American right, to be fought for, creamed for, depilated and massaged for—more than that, as duty, with ostracism threatened for slackers. Every woman, says *Glamour* categorically, can be fifty per cent more beautiful. It is the rigorous language of the factory in which new production goals are set yearly, which must not only be met but exceeded. "Mirror, mirror on the wall . . . ?" begs the reader. "You," answers the editor, "if you did your exercises, were the prettiest girl in the Republic."

—MARY MCCARTHY

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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As Others See Us

A Frenchwoman in New York

If I were asked to describe New York to someone who had never seen it, I think I would say something like this: "It is like a tide, flooding the streets in the morning with people going to work, flooding the streets at noon with people going out to eat, going out to shop; and then, in the evening, the tide withdraws—with a roar like that in Matthew Arnold's *Dover Beach*—through the subways, on the elevateds, in the streets, through the tunnels, over the bridges." The city's first characteristic is motion.

Of course, there are also those sharply defined stalagmites that tower above Manhattan, but who would ever think of them as places full of people? If I did not see people going in and out of them I would think they were carved of solid stone.

New York is rhythm, not structure. New Yorkers are careless of the changing structure of their city. Workmen on a scaffolding lift the spire off a church; steam shovels dig deep into the earth, and soon the gaunt steel girders of a skyscraper rise; roads are tunneled under the rivers, beneath the bay where the rivers join to meet the sea; roads are lifted on bridges over other roads —a few, out of millions, stand watching the men at work. Somebody says: "This tunnel will be convenient; here there will be a department store where the church stood."

At home, in Paris, it is not that way. If you tore down the tower in Tower Street, if you allowed the chestnut trees to wither and die on the Avenue of the Chestnut Trees, those streets would not be the same streets at all. If the old house which stands facing the Seine crumbled, a whole district would become unrecognizable. Parisians do not want their city to become unrecognizable. When I left home the papers were filled with agonized, furious, sarcastic letters—because somebody wanted to put up a new statue in a public square. Parisians do not want their city changed.

Paris lives in its stones; the life of New York is unaffected by the changing mass of its steel. The more buildings, the more traffic, the more bright lights, the more television sets, the more telephones in automobiles—the more New York is New York. New York will be perfectly New York when helicopters land on every roof, like pigeons. There are people in Paris who will tell you seriously that Paris never really has been Paris since the automobile replaced the horse-drawn cab. The strange thing is that these people are not wholly wrong.

American advertising men are psychologists—and poets. Who but a poet would dare speak of "creamy fabric," make a cookie "sparkle," play with interior rhyme: "There is a tremendous difference between a shark and a lark. So is there between . . ." With the meticulous care of the poet every word is tested, chosen, and placed, to sell a "glamorous" Frigidaire or "the most glorious thing on wheels."

To a visitor the ad men seem to have taken over the papers. Dean Acheson is granted thirty lines in fine type—between a pretty girl who is busy improving her "full look" and another pretty girl experimenting on a beach with sun tan. The enthusiasm of American advertising is contagious; it affects the foreign visitor, but sometimes it does not seem to reach the store where the advertised product is sold.

Illustrations by the writer

There is the trip up the escalator, the consultation at the information desk, finally there is the counter—but no salesgirl. You wait; you decide impatiently that you will go away; at once you are aware that no one will stop you from going away; you wait. The system, you discover, is to find what you want to buy without preliminary conversation. You are, of course, expected to know your size in gloves or shoes, and whether you can wear a debutante-size dress, or whether you are a "junior miss." If you do not see what you want you are lost. Hesitation and ignorance are not forgiven. "Well, dear, do you want it?" The trouble with *it* is that the advertisements have exaggerated. Poets are interested in the sound of words. "I must think a minute," you say—and the salesgirl walks off. A salesgirl must protect herself from pathological indecision.

If the Sunday papers sent me out shopping, it is because I am not used to American advertising. I can protect myself in France. French advertising follows a different principle—that of secrecy, of intimation. Perhaps this secrecy is a memory of black-market days. The French advertisement says: "The quality of this object is of the rarest; there will never be enough for everyone—so why bother to talk about it at all?" In black-market days there was, indeed, not enough for everyone. When no one was looking the grocer slipped you a quarter pound of butter, the shoe store a pair of shoes; you paid without question. It was then that the

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merchants discovered that reticence and mystery greatly increased the customer's willingness to pay high prices. Fashionable shops in Paris have continued the technique.

The American woman dresses in bright color, puts flowers and feathers on her hat, costume jewelry of all shapes and dimensions on her clothes. Then she marches forth with an assurance, independence, and authority that sometimes overwhelm the foreign visitor. But the American woman is not as independent as she appears. The only real competition is for being the first—to look like all the others.

The Frenchwoman—who also knows her public—seeks the concealed effect. That is why she dresses so often in black. She is reticent—as French advertising is reticent. She wears little make-up; she slips unobtrusively into a room—to make sure that she will be noticed.

It seems to me that the American man places immense trust in experts. I met one who was building a house. He asked an architect to decide what style was right for the climate, and whether the kitchen should be in the front or the back of the house. He wanted a functional plan. Then he went to another expert for advice on furniture: What is the scientific shape for the most comfortable armchair? Then he went to a decorator to find out which wall colors create a calm mind. Before he put a cook in the kitchen he sought out dietitians. He could not hang his pictures without calling in a picture hanger. He sat before his television set—bought after reading reports on television—and smoked a cigarette selected on the basis of a medical poll. It seemed to me that he was complicating his existence.

Then he went to call on his next-door neighbor. The neighbor's house was the twin of his own. This worried him, but only for a moment. He said, "That proves I had expert advice. The way everybody does things must be the best."

The Frenchman is innately mistrustful. He is convinced that no one is as intelligent as himself. He, too, is building a house. Since no matter where he looks all the houses in the neighborhood have sloping roofs, he builds his house with a flat roof. He draws his own plans; he is his own interior decorator. No new furniture. He ransacks the ancestral attic for old armchairs on which he will spend a great deal of money before they can be made to hold anyone who attempts to sit in them. He says, "Anything that has held together for half a century will hold together for another half century." He enjoys changing the purpose for which objects were built because this proves his independence: He will make a lamp out of a vase, a table out of a screen, the frame of a bed out of a table. He greatly dislikes all mechanical objects, since he is convinced that they are made to break down so that they will have to be repaired at his expense, and he is ashamed of his gas stove because, unavoidably, it is just like his neighbor's.

The European who is pro-American is struck by the silence of America. He has heard from labor leaders that the Americans believe in free enterprise and have no intention of overthrowing the capitalist system. But in America the visitor never hears the capitalist system defined or defended. Americans seem to be apologetic about it. They say: "There is scarcely any unemployment, no one foresees a depression . . ."

America has the social security of hope. America must speak its hope to a world that lacks it.

When you tell an American about Europe's difficulties, or about the walls that keep nations from seeing into each other, even when you tell him about the little undistinguished miseries that afflict one's personal existence—a toothache, a lost apartment key—he says at once: "Let's see what can be done. Let's get together and see what can be done." There is an accident in a New York City street: At once somebody says, "Who's in charge here?" The European is startled at first by this inclination toward efficiency. In Europe problems are not something that you solve: They are the basis for a philosophical discussion.

If you tell an American that it is hard to find an apartment in Paris he will say, "There ought to be a law." The Frenchman will settle down with a pipe: "It is a curious fact," he will say, "that in a period of highly developed civilization—one could go into this matter of our civilization at great length; I am not at all sure that it can be considered highly developed—it is indeed perhaps surprising that in a society richer materially, at any rate, than any history has known, it is difficult to find rooms in which to live. Now the Gauls before the Romans came . . ." The Frenchman, when there is an accident in the street, pursues his way meditating upon the swift passage of life and the idiotic nature of the accidents that bring it to a close.

When you look at certain Paris newspapers, you will find a front-page politico-literary editorial signed by a member of the French Academy. Another member of the French Academy,

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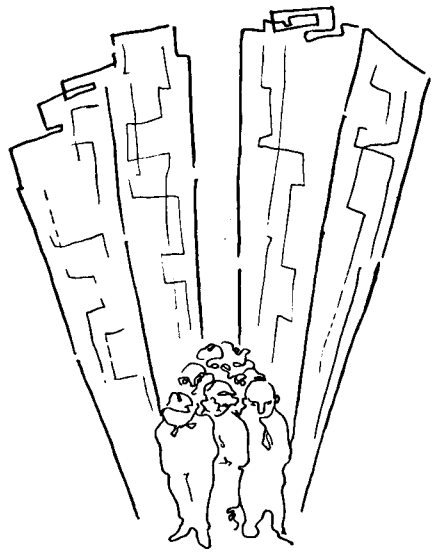
coyly using for a pseudonym the name of one of Proust's more reputable characters, will provide you with a column on the passing scene—as he sees it. And still another member of the French Academy will function as military expert and strategist. At first you are impressed, and it is with considerable awe that you read the periodic prose of these venerable gentlemen. Graciously they condescend to your level; you can see them smiling through their beards; they are very kindly men. Yet in spite of their eminence and their kindliness you find yourself saying: "Is this really written for me? Are these my worries? Is this the way I see and think and speak?"

I only know my own answers to these questions. It is true that I know something else: The circulation of the best French newspapers is not above three hundred thousand, and the percentage of French people who buy any newspaper at all is dropping every year.

This subject is not discussed in France. The French prefer to discuss the American press: "What a low intellectual level," they say. "No academicians—nothing but gossip columns, Hollywood columns, sports columns, advice to the housewife, how to find a husband, how not to offend. And what a ridiculous image of life emerges from these sheets: Everyone is generous, affectionate, and dutiful, except for the gangsters, who, though fundamentally innocent, have been driven by an affectionate, dutiful, and generous society into vice and crime. But love and the psychoanalyst can redeem them. It is vulgar Dostoievsky. And as for sex? The pin-up girl."

When a pro-American, paraphrasing Hilaire Belloc, replies that though their sins are scarlet their press is read, the French say that only makes it worse. But the pro-American has the clincher. He asks: "What is the most widely read publication in France?" If the answer is not forthcoming he supplies it himself: *The Reader's Digest.*

The French visitor is surprised at American subservience to rules and regulations. If you ask a hotel porter to carry a package fifty yards, he will say, "That is not my job." It is not the floor maid's job to sew on a button. It is not the hotel telephone operator's job to make a call for you, or the waiter's job to get your coat from the



coatroom, or anybody's job to do anything about your shoes if you put them outside the door at night expecting them to be cleaned. The hotel staff stands at attention ready to accomplish certain definite functions. If you ask anything that does not fit the system, the answer is: "I cannot do that. No *American* would ever think of asking me to do that." If you ask why, "It's against the rules." Actually, what it is against is custom. In America custom has many traffic lights.

My American friends constantly surprise me by the simplicity of their relationships. They ask, "How are the children?" in exactly the same tone of voice whether they are talking to the elevator man or the president of a bank. When they meet me, a stranger, they do not talk about Lafayette or Queuille or de Gaulle, or the Ruhr; they ask me if I am homesick, if I am happy in America, if my family is all right. They go to the heart of the matter.

But if they have a Cadillac they cannot help telling me about it, and if they have a car that is not a 1950 model they feel obliged to tell me why. If they live in the wrong part of town there is always a reason; if they were not at the reception last night it is because they were otherwise engaged.

In one way Americans are extraordinarily like the French. They are quite unable to understand how a foreigner who has the luck to be in their country should ever wish to leave it.

—SYGNE

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To Man's Measure . . .

The Line Against Fear

In simplest terms, in true proportion, the problem is this: Is there a line on this planet of ours behind which some part of the human race can live out its destiny without the guidance of political police, without the threat of concentration camps; where men can think as they please, write what comes into their heads to write, believe in God or be atheists; where prisons house only murderers, thieves, and traitors—where Communists themselves need fear no punishment for those errors in theology to which even the most scrupulous believers of any faith are always exposed? I am convinced that, deep in their hearts, Hervé Courtade, Aragon, Elsa Triolet, and Claude Roy are not dismayed by the fact that they are working for Stalin at a safe distance from his mustache, in the cool of the hated but secretly blessed shadow of President Truman. What an enviable fate, when you come to think of it—that of the Communist in a bourgeois democracy! Admit it, Comrades. Admit it! You too hope fervently that Marshal Stalin will resign himself to the survival of certain vestigial elements of that ancient, ordered society for which you proclaim your loud contempt, while enjoying, just as we enjoy, the delights, now threatened, that it provides—a room, a house of one's own, even the smallest room, the humblest of dwellings, a door with a lock—a door at which no ear alertly listens.

Of course you are Communists, I know that, good Communists—but admit that you like such things. My dear Claude Roy, would you really rather be a Bulgarian?

It is profoundly, undeniably shameful that this civilization in which we have our roots has left unsolved so many of its gravest problems—that slums, for instance, still cause such great suffering and so much crime. Yet still the question, the real question, is whether social justice can be brought *into being anywhere but in the world* of concentration camps, whether there

"The Church and Steeple"

is a fundamental incompatibility between freedom and justice.

We do not believe there is. You do. Freedom and Justice. Permit us, on this side of the line at least, to set ourselves to the task of reconciling these two divinities, so futilely worshiped by us unhappy human beings ever since we first started to kill each other. Long ago, Pascal was aware that mankind, "unable to fortify justice, has justified force." Today the United Nations is striving to disqualify force by fortifying justice.

So take heart and rejoice with us that this attempt is being made, you who are French Communists, or Italian Communists, or Belgian; you who are cultivated men (you who are bourgeois), who enjoy the same books we enjoy, the same music, who sit quietly drinking at the same café terrace facing church and steeple, who hate informers as we hate informers, who have your own private opinion on all manner of subjects, and who stick out your tongues, I am sure, when your party overseers have their backs turned—just as you used to in the classroom when the teacher wrote on the blackboard the names of those who had to stay after class.

A few days ago I happened to be reading the excellent foreword that old Marcel Cachin has written for a new edition of *L'Insurgé*. Despite Cachin's Communism, what a love he has for Jules Vallès; how close, how like a brother's, does he consider his relationship to that most extreme of all individualists! After the years of a long life Cachin's heart still quickens to the echoes of the Paris insurrections of 1848 and 1871, and Vallès is still the kind of revolutionary he admires—Vallès, the anarchist who cared nothing about doctrine, who could not stomach Karl Marx, who called the stake at Satory "our crucifix, our own crucifix" because to it they bound the federated revolutionaries before they shot them, Vallès, for whom the Paris Commune was, more than anything else, the "great federation of sorrows."

I am not an innocent in politics. I do not expect you to agree, happy Communists who multiply and prosper within the bourgeois democracies. But I know that you know that your fate, just like ours, is in the balance in Korea, and will be in the balance at every point of the immense frontier across which Moscow throws the mercenary troops it sacrifices.

—François Mauriac

Note

When François Mauriac talks directly to these French Communists he is not using the old device of the open letter to Julius Cæsar or Marshal Stalin. All French intellectuals go through the same schools—Normale, Polytechnique, Sciences Politiques, Ecole des Chartes. They know each other, can evaluate each other. Contempt is informed contempt; friendship and respect cross party lines. Mauriac is talk-

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ing here to men he knows. He admits that he expects no answer from them, but it is not as if an answer were not due. It is not as if he were writing to strangers. No answer will come—because he is writing to prisoners.

Mauriac himself has been a prisoner—to the noble concept of a traditional European civilization that he has sought to defend from the American "colossus" as well as from the Russian one. He has said on occasion that both American and Russian civilizations are equally materialistic. He has championed an independent Europe.

The French Communists will refuse his challenge to admit that they are free to think—in the measure that their party allows them to think—only within a democratic France. But Mauriac is an honest man. He admits now what he denied before: France, and Europe, can be free to continue their creative work in civilization only within a free world defended by America. Korea forced the decision.

The Road

The photograph showed a jet plane attacking a tank on a South Korean road. There was a white burst from an explosion just back of the tank, and the caption said that on its next pass the plane destroyed the tank. *Life,* which published the photograph, was fascinated, as usual, by its own production techniques, and told in full-page advertisements how the photograph was flown 7,400 miles from Korea to Chicago; the magazine printed a photograph of a motorcycle policeman escorting the film from the airport to *Life's* Chicago office ("usual 30-35 minute trip was made in 15 minutes"); printed further photographs showing *Life's* Managing Editor looking at the film strip; *Life's* editors, art director, and production men reading proof; an unidentified *Life* man holding a copy of *Life* Magazine as it came off the production line of R. R. Donnelley & Sons, printers of *Life* in Chicago, just five days after *Life* photographer David Douglas Duncan took the picture of the jet plane—from another jet plane going more than six hundred miles an hour—over Korea.

With all that, the picture is a beautiful picture: A stream in the foreground, bare hills in the distance, a long straight road in the valley. The road is bordered on both sides by trees planted at regular intervals. The road looks like a road in France.

1944; 1914; or 1870, for that matter; or 1814—Napoleon the Great, Napoleon the Little, Joffre, Eisenhower. Always, there are roads with trees bordering them, and sometimes there are airplanes machine-gunning tanks on the roads, and sometimes there are no tanks, no airplanes, but always there are soldiers advancing or retreating along the roads, and civilians carrying their bundles away from homes that are destroyed, or carrying their bundles

Courthouse in Pusan

back to homes they will rebuild. And now there is this same road in South Korea.

You see pictures in the papers of Korean villages with thatched roofs, and that makes Korea seem very exotic, but the courthouse in Pusan looks like any courthouse in France, with its square and the statue of the great man on a pedestal.

If there were not the road and the courthouse there would still be the hills, the valley, the river. War is always fought in a landscape. No landscape is exotic. In unchanging, timeless landscapes, man acts out the unchanging episodes of war.

That is why the correspondents' stories now read as if they were reports from wars fought long ago and ended. That is why we have once again the story about the general—any general—at the front. "The panic that gripped the retreating South Koreans yesterday [June 28] is now gone. News of General MacArthur's presence at Suwon spread like wildfire among the South Korean troops. His visit lasted seven hours and dramatically buoyed the defenders' morale."—Marguerite Higgins, New York *Herald Tribune.*

Or the story of atrocity: For instance, that of the North Korean guerrillas captured by South Koreans. "About forty persons were crouched on all fours on [open trucks] . . . One policeman crashed the butt of his rifle on the back of one after another of the crouching men . . . 'We bang-bang in woods.' He meant that they would be taken into the grove and executed after their backs were broken."—Rutherford Poats of UP.

Or: "Lieutenant D. C. Gates, of Joinerville, Tex., reported today [July 10] that he had discovered the bodies of seven executed American soldiers . . . they had been machine-gunned through the face just after they had surrendered to North Koreans."—UP.

Or the sentimental story: "At one end of the snaking road is beauty. At the other is death and destruction. Those going to and from met all along the way. The soldiers moving toward the front are fresh, young and confident. . . . The men moving to the rear have the look of old men on their young faces."—UP.

Or the story in which the normal tactics of war—which is not a sport—seem surprising and new: "The Communists craftily permitted the United States unit to pass through a town, then opened up with machine gun and rifle fire."—AP.

Or the garbled communiqué: "Despite North Korean press and radio releases developing the theme that the entire populace is rallying to the war effort, all is reported to be serene in North Korea," as published in the New York *Times.*

These are the ageless images of war. "It is within the range of possibility," says David Sarnoff, RCA Chairman, speaking of television, "that the general public may be able to see the action on a battle line while sitting in their homes." Should this regrettably come to pass, the general public still would see images only. The truth of war is concealed in the courage, cruelty, and suffering of man.

—Gouverneur Paulding

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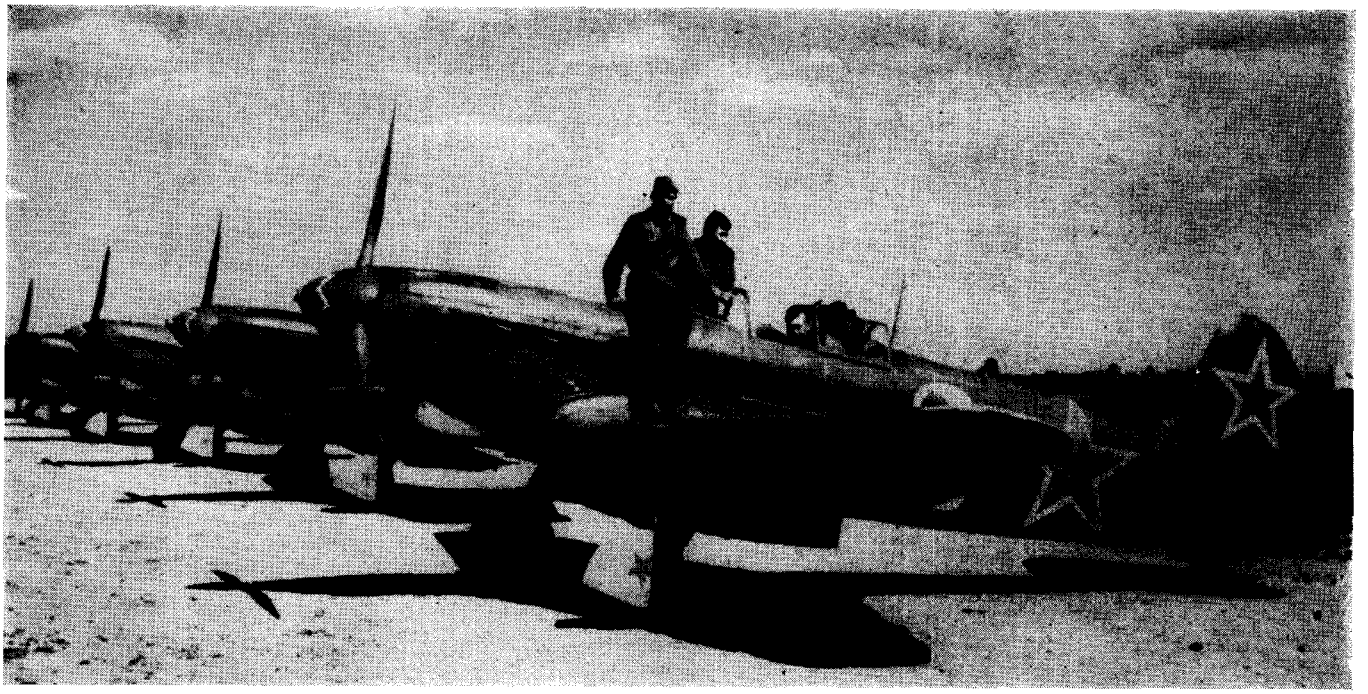

Soviet Yaks of 1944, predecessors of the North Korean Yak Mark IX's

General MacArthur and Syngman Rhee (Mrs. MacArthur in center background)

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